

## ABD-EL-KADER.

Few of our readers are ignorant of the prestige of the great Arab warrior, Abd-el-Kader, and of the part he played against the French conquerors of his native soil. For more than fifteen years he waged incessant war against the Generals sent to oppose him, and not unfrequently gained decisive victories over large bodies of disciplined troops. The history of this extraordinary man is somewhat as follows:—He was born in the environs of Mascarra in 1807, and was, consequently, only thirteen years of age when Charles X., anxious to distract the attention of the French people from domestic politics, undertook the Algerian expedition. After a great victory gained by Marshal Clausel some of the bolder tribes, determined to dispute their territory with the invader inch by inch, banded themselves together, offering the chief command to a famous Marabout chief named Sidi-el-Hadji Mahedin. This honour he declined, but offered them, as his substitute, the third of his four sons, of whose qualifications he gave so favourable an account that his services were unanimously accepted. This youth was the far-famed Abd-el-Kader, already distinguished for his valour, his knowledge, and his proficiency in all warlike and athletic exercises. In 1832, having armed himself with his father at the head of ten thousand horse, he opened his first campaign by an assault on Oran. Though repulsed in this, his first battle, Abd-el-Kader is said to have performed prodigies of valour.

Finding at length that it would be more convenient to have the Emir as an ally than as an enemy the French concluded a treaty with him, which constituted him sovereign of the province of Oran, with a right of monopoly of the whole commerce of the country. In his ambition to extend his dominions he conceived the project of over-running the whole of the provinces of Algiers and of Tittery, and with this view crossed the Chelif, entered into Medeah as a conqueror, and, having placed followers on whom he could depend over the reduced tribes, returned in triumph to his own territory. This excited the jealousy of the French, and a force was sent to clip the wings of the aspirant. The two bodies met at Macta, on the 28th of June, 1835, when the French were signally defeated. The scabbard was now thrown away on both sides, and until the month of December, 1843, when the Emir yielded himself up to General Lamoricière, the French were kept in an incessant state of alarm, being compelled to keep on foot an army of 24,000



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men, for the sole purpose of watching Abd-el-Kader's movements.

On the 17th of August, 1852, the present Emperor of the French, then Prince Napoleon, stopped at the castle of Amboise, where the Emir was imprisoned, and, having sent for the captive, communicated to him in kind and courteous terms that he was free. The Emir, in acknowledgment of this generosity, swore on the Koran never again to disturb the French rule in Africa.

Abd-el-Kader, though resigned to inactivity in his quiet retreat in the East, seems by no means inclined to let the world forget the fact of his existence. He has a decided taste for epistolary tactics, and frequently seizes the opportunity of addressing letters to eminent persons intrusted with high office in his native country. The appointment of Count de Chasseloup-Laubat to the Ministry of Algeria, for instance, has called forth a complimentary letter, which is printed in the Paris journals.

A correspondent has kindly forwarded to us a Portrait of the Emir, sketched from life, and also a group of the notabilities of his harem, Engravings from both of which accompany this notice.

**THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.**—The Iron Crown of Lombardy, says a Turin letter, has been the subject of a rather serious discussion at Zurich. The point at issue is not so much the possession of this curious relic as of who shall hold the office of Grand Master of the order, established by Napoleon I, when he had himself crowned King of Italy. The crown has been carried off by the Austrians, and as the Emperor of Austria possesses it he thinks he has still a right to name the commanders and knights as he has hitherto done. King Victor Emmanuel has protested against that pretension, affirming that the Iron Crown is the property of Lombardy, and that the order of knighthood is Lombard, and that the Grand Master is King of the country, and not the Emperor Francis Joseph.

**A HOUSE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.**—During the thunderstorm on the night of Thursday week a house in Clifton-road, Paddington, was struck by lightning. The roof was completely destroyed, and fragments of it, with large quantities of brick from the chimney, were scattered in all directions. The electric fluid appeared to fill all the rooms of the house, passing through the roof into the attics, thence into the kitchen, where it scattered the soot and fire in every direction, knocking over furniture, breaking glass, and making no end of mischief. The severe shock, the illumination of the various rooms, and the crash of falling bricks and mortar, slate, glass, &c., struck the residents with terror, and they rushed into the street. Directly after the house was struck the rain fell, and probably saved it from destruction by fire.



THE SULTANA KHERRA, WIFE OF THE EMIR.

THE THIRD WIFE OF THE EMIR, WITH HER SON.

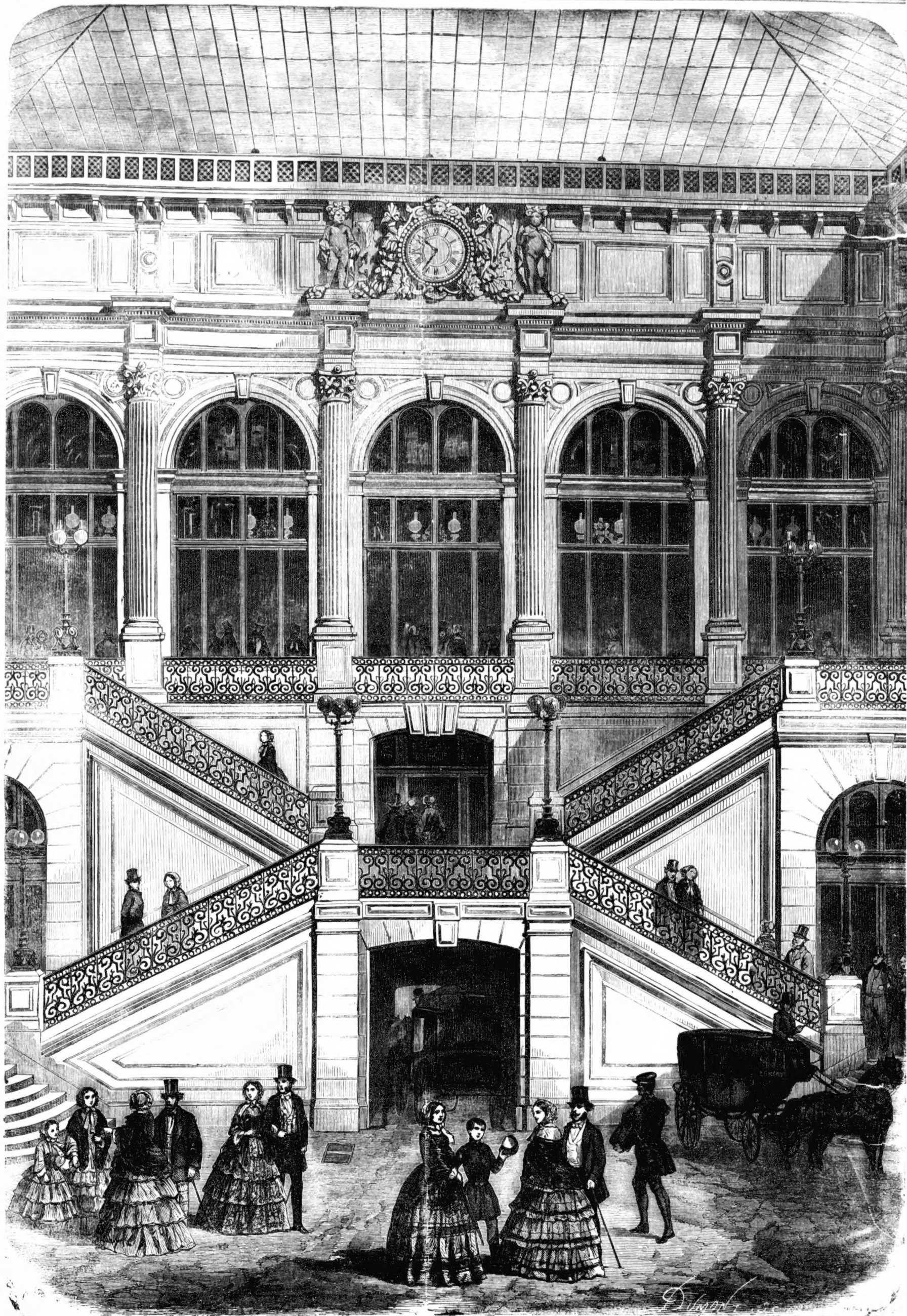
THE SECOND WIFE OF THE EMIR.

LALLA ZONRA, MOTHER OF THE EMIR.

LALLA MORA, THE EMIR'S OLD NURSE.

THE FAMILY OF ABD-EL-KADER.





THE HOTEL DE LOUVRE, PARIS—THE ENTRANCE STAIRCASE



## THE HOTEL DE LOUVRE.

We have heard much of the wonderful hotels that exist in the United States, more especially of one at New York, known as the St. Nicholas; but we doubt if any of them exceed or excel the Hôtel de Louvre at Paris. The latter has been built by a company, who are now reaping a rich harvest on the capital invested. It occupies a space of 8000 square metres, or nearly two English acres, between the Rues St. Honoré, de Rivoli, de Marengo, and the Place du Palais Royal. It has three courts, one of which—the Cour d'Honneur (shown in our illustration)—is roofed with glass, and presents a striking specimen of the progress made by modern architecture. From this court a light and elegant double-branched staircase gives access to an arched Corinthian gallery, 98 feet by 26, the ceiling of which is beautifully painted, by Grosse and Barryas, with figures representing the twelve months.

This gallery communicates with the dining-room, a vast hall 131 feet long by 42 feet in width, with an altitude of 34 feet. The ceiling is adorned with frescoes representing the Four Seasons, and the other decorations, as well as the hangings, curtains, and furniture, are of the most gorgeous description. The comforts contrived for the inmates of this establishment are of a novel description. An immense clock in the Cour d'Honneur communicates the time to all the bracket-clocks throughout the house by means of electricity; travellers' baggage is conveyed from story to story by machinery; dishes are slid down hot from the kitchen into trucks which, running along a subterranean railway, transport them with lightning speed to a point where, by another contrivance, they are safely hoisted up to the dining-room; the waiters are summoned by electric bells, which at once call their attention and denote to them where they are wanted; call-pipes communicate in all directions with the offices, the laundry, &c.; and there is a constant supply of water, both hot and cold, conveyed by pipes to all the apartments at the command of the visitors. The number of bedrooms in the hotel amounts to 600, each of which is furnished in the most comfortable, and in many instances luxurious, fashion; the prices for apartments average from three to twenty francs per day. In the precincts of the building is a post-office, a money-changer's office, a café, billiard-rooms, &c. &c.; in fact, there is hardly a single want left unsupplied in this complete of complete establishments.

## DEATH ON THE ALPS.

A RUSSIAN gentleman, named Edouard de Grotte, left the Riffelberg Hotel, Zermatt, on the 12th of August, with two guides, to cross the Pass of the Weissathor. He was a fine powerful man, of six feet three inches, with a florid complexion, and a wild look in the eyes. He refused an alpenstock which was offered to him. On the way, at Matmark, he encountered some travellers, to whom he made light of the difficulties he was about to encounter. The calamity which ensued is related by a correspondent of the *Times*—

The three (M. de Grotte and the guides) were fastened together by a rope, the traveller being in the middle. The rope was tied round his body, but was not, as it should have been, tied round the guides also; it was only held on the left arm of each by a large loose loop. In this way they passed safely over the greater part of the glacier, and were within a few minutes of leaving it altogether, when they came to a large patch of snow, which the guides, according to their own account, proposed to pass round, but which the traveller insisted on crossing. Accordingly, the first guide crossed it in safety. The traveller then followed him, but when he had reached the middle the snow gave way under his feet, and he sank into a hidden crevasse. Having no alpenstock he could not break his fall in the usual way by holding it across the chasm, and so his whole weight was thrown with a sudden jerk upon the rope, which broke instantly on both sides of the crevasse, down which the unfortunate man consequently fell. His voice was soon heard calling for assistance, which the guides were not skilful enough to render. The crevasse was a peculiar one, being narrow at the top, and widening downwards for some distance, after which it narrowed again till its sides met at a depth of about two hundred feet.

This circumstance rendered it impossible to reach him without a rope; he appeared to be about sixty feet from the top, wedged between the sides of the crevasse; and they had no rope excepting the two ends that had remained with them, of about a yard each, so they determined that one of them should go to the nearest chalet—a two hours' walk—for ropes. The idea of trying to make a rope by cutting up their coats and shirts, and especially their leathern knapsacks, seems most unaccountably never to have occurred to them. Thus the unfortunate M. de Grotte received no assistance for four hours, during which he frequently spoke to the guide above; he was, he said, in a sloping position, with his head lower than his feet, and with his right arm free, but he was constantly sinking lower. After three hours the flow of blood to his head and the intense cold had very much weakened him; he spoke seldom, saying only that he was being frozen to death.

At last, after four hours, the guide returned from the Findelen chalet with assistance; the rope was lowered, but it was found to be twelve feet too short to reach him. Now, it will scarcely be credited, but it is a fact, that when the rope was found to be too short nothing more was done, but men were sent for more ropes to Zermatt, a distance of four hours, so that the unhappy man was condemned by the helpless clowns above him to pass eight hours more in his icy prison. He had endured the most dreadful agony, for at first the warmth of his body, dissolving the ice next him, caused him to sink lower; but as the vital heat departed the cold gradually regained its superiority, so that he was frozen in tightly between the walls of ice, which, as their wetted surfaces congealed and slightly expanded towards each other, crushed him between them with irresistible force. About the end of the fifth hour the poor man died. He had fallen in between noon and one p.m., and he died about five p.m. At midnight more ropes came from Zermatt, and his corpse was pulled up; it was found at the depth of seventy-two feet. It was handed over to the authorities, by whom an inquest was held on Tuesday last, and an examination instituted.

I was permitted, in company with some other Englishmen, to see the corpse. It had not been meddled with, and the rope was still fastened round it. I examined the rope very carefully; it was half an inch thick, and similar to that used for the traces of the heaviest diligences. It was not a rotten piece, and would, I believe, lift 5 cwt. It is incredible that such a rope should break on both sides at once. I examined the broken ends, twisting the loosened strands and pressing them together; at each end I found the fibres of almost exactly the same length. Nobody ever saw a broken rope present such an appearance. Several people who saw the rope agree with me in believing that it was cut, and the ends were afterwards frayed. If cut, it was not by the ice, because, first, snow-covered ice possesses no cutting power at all; and, second, the rope separated close to each guide, and at the same distance very nearly from each, so that the part which gave way was never in contact with the ice. These are, it must be owned, suspicious circumstances, and require searching examination.

OUR RELATIONS WITH CHINA.—From private sources we learn that the Chinese at Shanghai are of opinion that all will not go on so smoothly with the embassies, and even some of the European residents anticipate a row. Every one believes that the Russians are intriguing against us. Some recollect how they made a tool of the last American Minister, and are anxious to know how the new one will get on. There is a rumour at Shanghai that the most important article in the treaty—that providing for a permanent embassy at Peking—is already given up. This is not looked on as very favourable for our future movement, seeing that the Russians have had one there so long, and is thought to be a further indication of their endeavours to keep us out of the Celestial capital. In fact, it is expected by some that the whole treaty, except those parts which tell against us, will become a dead letter.—*China Telegraph*.

THE NEW RUSSIAN FRIGATE.—The *Times*, describing the new Russian frigate, General Admiral, lately built in the United States, and now anchored at the Motherbank, says:—"It appeared to us that a long sharp bow, with its bold sheer, and lofty as that of a line-of-battle ship, her plain serviceable stern, with quarters well out of the water, and her fine run, giving free admission of the water to her screw, offered so many points upon which we might advantageously improve the construction of our Merseys and Orlandos, and more especially with reference to the formation of the fore part of those vessels. Inboard the comparison went the contrary way, and the General Admiral's upper and maindecks, which appeared crowded with 'notions,' offered but a poor contrast to the Merseys', with her splendid battery of eight and ten guns."

THE MURDER AT POPLAR.—Several weeks ago a woman named Zipporah Wright died at Poplar under circumstances of a suspicious character. She had recently given birth to a child, the father of which was a man named Royal, and she complained that the coffee, &c., which he gave her made her ill. After an illness of a very distressing character she died, and, on her body being subjected to a post-mortem examination, a quantity of poison called cantharides was discovered. On the morning before she died Royal absconded; and so strongly did suspicion point to him that the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder." The prisoner, however, has only just been apprehended.

## THE MUTINY ON BOARD THE MARLBOROUGH.

THE four seamen charged with being the ringleaders in the late outbreak at Castlemare, on board the Marlborough, Captain Lord Frederick Kerr, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Fanshawe, were tried by a court-martial on board the Hibernia in Valetta harbour on the 25th of August. Rear-Admiral Codrington sat as president. The prisoners pleaded "Not guilty;" and, after the examination of eight or nine witnesses, chiefly officers, in support of the charge, it was held not to be made out to the extent expected; and three of the men were condemned to receive fifty lashes and two years' imprisonment, and the fourth to one year's imprisonment. These four seemed to have been taken from some 300 or 400, and identified chiefly by their voices, as the decks were in darkness from the closing of the ports. From the following letter, written by one of the Marlborough crew, it will be seen that the mutiny was of rather a serious character:—

Dear Mother and Sister,—I have an opportunity of writing you those few lines, hoping to find you well, as it leaves me at present, thank God for it. Dear mother, I am sorry to inform you that we have had mutiny on board about leave. They have two guns loaded and pointed aft, to blow the stern out if required. They wanted the men to shift three times a day, and they would not. Then they turned the hands up to go on deck after they had had their hour to dinner, so they went on deck not shifted. Then they passed the word that every one should be shifted in a quarter of an hour. Well, they went down below on the middle and lower decks, and smashed basins, plates, bread barges, monkeys, kids, vinegar beaker, and threw the spoons and looking glasses down the stoke-hole, and they threw the shot and shell down the orlop deck, and the marines threw their muskets down the funnel casing, and the blew jackets threw their muskets down from overhead, cut all the port tackles falls, the breeching, the side tackle falls, and run the guns in, and run two guns aft in the gun-room, and broke the gun-room cups and saucers, plates, and they drew their cutlasses, and tried to stab the captain, but the sword went through his coats tails, and he was just about frittered, and they tried to get one of the lieutenants and a midshipman for to kill them, and now they says that if any man is flogged they will cut him adrift from the grates just as they are going to flog him, and that they will break out again. There was no one hurt. At dark they all went on the quarter-deck and had a talking with the captain.

## TERRIBLE STEAM ACCIDENT.

AN accident of a very alarming character occurred on Tuesday in Plymouth Sound on board her Majesty's screw steam-sloop Pioneer, Commander Reilly, under orders for the west coast of Africa. She had some slight defects to make good, and was getting up steam for the purpose of proceeding into Hamoaze, when the main steam-pipe burst close to the communication. John Dunn, leading stoker, suffered severely; William Bone, engineer in charge, Charles Piller, third engineer, John Oliver, third engineer, Charles Devine, stoker, James Murphy, stoker, and James Rennison, second-class boy, unfortunately rushed aft, where the steam was most dense, and were, of course, much scalded, especially in their faces. Mr. Oliver's sight is affected. Mr. Leicester, second-class engineer, prudently shut off the communication, and escaped uninjured.

The ship was speedily enveloped in steam, and, as there was a smart south-west breeze, its effects were most detrimental aft. The looking glasses in the captain's cabin were shattered and his boots shrivelled. Boats from the ships of war, with their surgeons and assistant-surgeons, were soon alongside, and the steam-tender Confidence conveyed the worst cases (seven) to the Royal Naval Victualling-yard, whence they were taken in coats to the naval hospital. The Pioneer was afterwards sent into Hamoaze.

Dunn is in a very precarious state, and Bone is suffering severely. The others are not in great danger.

## AN IRISH PRISON.

THE following statement, which would be incredible were it not vouched by the highest authority, occurs in the twenty-seventh annual report of the Inspectors-General of Irish Prisons, signed "Corry Connelan" and "Felton Harvey":—

"In a bridewell, certainly better circumstanced than the majority, and situated, not in a remote locality, but in a large and populous town, were confined a considerable number of prisoners, under various charges. One of the body, having discovered a crevice between the door of his cell and the frame, was enabled during the night to force back the outer bolt, which the keeper had failed to secure with a padlock, and, finding that the other doors were similarly unfastened, he proceeded to liberate some of his fellow-prisoners of both sexes. Such, however, was their confidence in the supineness of the keeper that they decided not to make their escape at present, but to leave the bridewell for a few hours, and to return again before morning, spending the interval in the commission of robberies, no suspicion of which could attach to them during their presumed confinement."

"These expeditions were repeated without detection. In one of them, having killed a ram, they brought back the carcass, burying a portion of it in the bridewell garden, and supping upon the remainder, which was cooked by the females in one of the day-rooms."

"Even this proceeding failed to awaken the torpor of the keeper, but the matter having been revealed by one of the party, and some of the gang having, in spite of this information, contrived to effect their escape, owing to darkness and severe weather, though the building was surrounded with constabulary, we called upon the high sheriff to dismiss an officer convicted of such gross and disgraceful incapacity. He was accordingly displaced forthwith; but, on the resignation of his successor, shortly afterwards, he was reappointed, and continued to fill the office, until, having been arrested for debt, and having abandoned the bridewell to the sole charge of a female servant, with whom he had for some time carried on an improper intercourse (circumstances accidentally discovered by one of the Inspectors-General, who found the prisoners clamouring for food, none of which had been issued on the day of his visit), the delinquent was at length ejected."

A PLEASANT CRIMINAL.—At New Orleans, lately, a man named Mullen was hung for murder. On the day of his execution he was in a cheerful mood, and ate a hearty breakfast, some of which not being cooked to his liking he sent back to the kitchen to be set down to the fire again. The night previous he arranged his coffin, which he had decorated, and laid down in it, to see if it would be a comfortable last resting-place. He appeared smiling on the scaffold, and dressed in white, with a blue ribbon round his neck.

OUR DEFENCES.—The promised Royal Commission on the Defences of the Country has been appointed. The Commissioners are Major-General Jones, Major-General Cameron, Rear-Admiral Eliot, Major-General Abbott, Captain Astley Key, Colonel Lefroy, and Mr. James Ferguson. The special business of these Commissioners is—to make inquiries into the sufficiency of our fortifications, to examine the works at present in progress, and to consider the most effectual means of rendering the works complete, so that we may be protected "in case of any hostile attack by foreign enemies by sea or land." The Commissioners, as a matter of course, have full powers to examine all documents and plans, and to call witnesses of every description. Captain Jervoise is appointed Secretary of the Commission.

NEW PROCESS FOR WATERING STREETS.—A curious experiment is now being tried at Lyons for laying the dust in public promenades, and has so far been attended with success. A chemist of that city, having accidentally spilt some hydrochloric acid on a terrace of his, found that it hardened the spot on which it had fallen, and maintained it in a state of permanent moisture. This led him to think that, by watering the street with this acid, the dust on large macadamised roads might be laid, or rather prevented from rising. Experiments were first made on the Cours Napoleon, between the Rhone and the Perrache station. The success was complete, and has also proved durable, the carriage way having now been several months free from dust; and another experiment is now being made on the Place Bellecour. During the hottest part of the day the ground, though dry and gravelly, has the appearance of being as consistent and damp as if it had been watered half an hour before; but, as evening approaches, the moisture becomes more and more perceptible. Every morning the ground is stiffer and more comfortable to walk on. This may easily be accounted for: the acid, decomposing the gravel or stone, forms one or several deliquescent salts, which therefore attract the moisture of the air. The question as to whether roads thus watered are likely to last so long as they ought can only be decided by time.—*Galignani*.

## SERIOUS RIOT AT WICK.

A HIGHLANDER was arrested by the police at Wick for an assault. This was no sooner known than his confederates, to the number of two or three thousand, rushed to the rescue. However, the prisoner was lodged in the Courthouse, which the malcontents—being reinforced by a body of Highlanders coming from prayer-meeting—desperately attacked. A large number of the townspeople had by this time assembled in the gailyard to assist in the preservation of order, and were sworn in as special constables and supplied with batons. They were then led out through the back-yard door of the gaol, and, taking the mob in flank, succeeded in clearing the pavement in Bridge-street. However, the mob refused to disperse, but armed themselves with sticks and stones. Thus armed they hovered about Rosebank until about eleven o'clock, when they crossed the bridge flourishing their sticks and throwing stones in all directions. They were, however, promptly met by the "specials" and the police, who took two of the leaders with their clubs in hand, after which the riot may be said to have terminated. Several officers and civilians were severely hurt. Captain Macdonald, of the Princess Royal cutter, upon hearing of the riot, proceeded to the town from Ackerhill Bay, where he lay, with fifteen of his crew, armed; but, fortunately, his services were not required.

## WORKING OF THE BALLOT IN AMERICA.

A letter from Mr. Dana, an American senator, on the working of the ballot system in Massachusetts has reopened the controversy on that much-discussed topic. Mr. Dana states that, to prevent frauds (personations, double voting, &c.), the ballot was at first open—that is, the voter presented his ticket open and unfolded; and, as each party supplies the voters with tickets, with the party colours, emblems, &c., it was known for whom he voted. In 1851 secret ballot by sealed envelope was introduced:—

Certain difficulties were to be met and overcome. Public voting in open meeting was a *sine qua non*. If the envelope betrayed its contents secrecy was gone. It must be seen, or two envelopes might be deposited for one. The party committees, who never favour secrecy from their own scrutiny, would furnish ballot, envelope and all, and the old colours and emblems would defeat the end of secrecy. To meet this difficulty it was provided that the envelopes should be of all one size, form, and colour, and all free from every emblem, sign, writing, or any other designation. This made it necessary that the law should determine the size, form, colour, &c., and that the envelopes should be furnished by the public authorities. Accordingly the Government furnished to each town a large supply of envelopes, which were to be furnished by the officers of the town, at the polls, to the electors. To give the secret ballot its due efficiency it must be made obligatory on all. For, if the resort to it was optional, the use of it would be itself a cause of suspicion, inquisition, and intimidation.

Mr. Dana gives details to show the trouble the authorities had to prevent party envelopes, to keep the envelopes securely sealed, &c., and continues:—

These may seem to you absurd details, but I assure you the best talent of the earnest friends of the secret ballot were employed in perfecting the system from year to year. The law was passed in 1851, and amended in 1852. It was tried two years, at one Presidential and several State and minor elections. What with the interest which political committees and the employers have in ascertaining how men vote, what with the preference of many and the willingness of most to have their votes known, and what with the inconveniences of the system itself, it fell into disrepute. In 1853 a law was passed allowing each voter to use either the secret or the open ballot, at his option, and the secret ballot died a natural death.

You may ask me, why, then, do we have the ballot at all, instead of *vide voce* voting, the latter being less liable to frauds. A sufficient cause is that, in the multiplicity and complexity of our popular elections, *vide voce* voting would be almost impossible. The ballot is rapid, convenient, and quiet. Probably, also, there is a feeling that while the open ballot is not a protection against scrutiny, yet undue influence has somewhat freer scope, and the dependent and timid voter is somewhat more in danger where he is obliged to declare his vote aloud.

The summary of our experience may be stated thus:—

1. The ballot (secret or open) is promotive of quiet at the polls, and under our system of general suffrage, and of the multiplicity of officers to be voted for at the same time, is almost a necessity, on the ground of convenience.
2. It is found in practice that the ballot can be sufficiently guarded against fraud, but in securing this result we have deprived it of the element of secrecy.
3. The attempt to introduce a mode of ballot which shall be at once secret, and secure against fraud, and reasonably convenient, has so far failed with us.
4. What may be the present opinion of the majority as to the principle of the secret ballot is matter of conjecture. A large and influential proportion oppose it on principle; and what with this difference of opinion on the principle, and what with the difficulties in the details, the secret ballot has been abandoned and the open ballot fallen back upon, as affording as much protection to the voter as in the opinion of some is desirable, and of others is practicable.

PECCAVI!—The following lately appeared as an advertisement in the *Times*:—"The gentleman who unintentionally caused annoyance to the young lady in an omnibus on Monday evening begs to express his extreme sorrow for the occurrence, and to assure herself and her parents and friends that it is one he shall never forget. The advertiser's wife has been made seriously ill by the letter which was written yesterday, and which was opened by her, and he hopes that on this ground alone the matter will be allowed to drop. He has not the address of the young lady's father, or he would call upon him, and personally express the regret which he feels; and this he will now do (if required) if that gentleman will insert his address (he need not add his name) in the *Times*."

PRETTY PRACTICE!—A sailor was steering a four-oared galley from Weymouth to the Portland Breakwater when a shot from her Majesty's ship *Blenheim* struck the gunwale and broke the steersman's back. He died of course; and, an inquest being held, it appeared that the shot had been fired in the course of practice. But it also appeared that the boat was at least from sixty to one hundred yards out of the line of fire; and the shot was fired, not by one of the crew, but by a Coastguardman; and no man had been stationed (as is customary) to look out that boats came not within the range of the guns. The jury returned a verdict of "Excusable homicide," with a request that the coroner would represent in strong terms to the Board of Admiralty that, in the opinion of the jury, "gross neglect is allowed to exist on board her Majesty's ship *Blenheim* during their practice of firing, thereby endangering life and traffic in Portland-roads."

STRANGE DISCOVERY.—Some lightermen discovered a coffin floating in the Thames, near Vauxhall-bridge. It was found to be carefully screwed down, and when it was opened the body of a boy about seven or eight years old was discovered. Death is supposed not to have taken place from natural causes, but information having been forwarded to the coroner he ordered a post-mortem examination.

RECRUITING FOR THE BRITISH NAVY AT MARSEILLES.—The Paris correspondent of the *Independence* writes:—"Letters from Marseilles state that a very general feeling of discontent prevails amongst the merchants of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and especially of the United States, at the extraordinary efforts which are being made by the British Government to enlist the sailors of those nations. English agents are offering no less than £8 bounty and £4 8s. per month for men. The consequence is that there is an almost general desertion of men, and the merchants of these nations find it almost impossible to man their ships. These men are taken to Malta in the first instance, and are thence conveyed to the different maritime stations where they are required."

RIFLED ARTILLERY.—Several guns of smooth bore rifled at Woolwich Arsenal upon the principle invented by Sir W. Armstrong were tested on Saturday at Shoeburyness, and the result was highly satisfactory. The process of producing rifled ordnance from the guns now in store is ordered to be carried on with the utmost activity, as it is considered of importance that the whole of the Royal Artillery should be instructed in the use of the new weapon at once.

A NEW WEAPON OF MURDER.—A man named Stacey, a porter in Lincoln's Inn, is in custody charged with attempting to murder his wife. The poor woman was found with a dreadful gash in her throat. She alleges that her husband made the wound with the jagged edges of a broken basin which had been thrown down during a quarrel. The husband declares that she fell upon the broken basin. She lies in a very precarious state.

A SOCIETY OF "SISTERS OF CHARITY" or "Deaconesses" is being organised under the patronage of the Bishop of Exeter. No perpetual vows are to be taken. A period of probation will first have to be passed, during which it will be allowable to leave at any time. After this an engagement to the society for a period not exceeding five years will be made, renewable at the expiration of that term.



## Literature.

*Wanderings in India.* By JOHN LANG. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

*Upamong the Pandies; or, a Year's Service in India.* By Lieut. VIVIAN DERING MAJENDIE. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

"There is a river in Macedonia, and there is also a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my brains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one; 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmon in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things."

Some such elasticity of rhetorical figuration as that employed by Captain Fluellen in drawing his undying historic parallel between Alexander the Great and the conqueror of Agincourt is necessary to establish any semblance of identity between Mr. Lang and Lieutenant Majendie—the authors, severally, of two very dissimilar books, which we have chosen to group in a single notice. Both are amusing writers, and have written about India. They enlist our sympathies and gratitude equally by having rendered, at all events, temporarily palatable a subject which the gloomy representations of Sir Charles Wood and other matter-of-fact statesmen had recently given us a supreme distaste for. They have written books of about the same length, which have found favour in the eyes of the same enterprising firm of publishers. "And there is blue covers on both."

Here the resemblance between the two writers ceases abruptly. Mr. Lang writes like an experienced and somewhat cynical man of the world, who has not only been of the world, but in it and round it. Nothing surprises or seriously annoys him, although, thanks to an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, good nature, and keen powers of observation, he contrives to let most things amuse him. He writes, apparently without effort, in the style of a man who has a large reserve of good things to be uttered as soon as they shall be called for, but who has no idea of squandering his resources. Lieutenant Majendie, on the contrary, gives us the idea of a clever, inexperienced *gamin*, newly launched on the sea of grave responsibility, to whom everything is a surprise and an amusement. He is a prodigal young writer but recently established in the possession of his literary means which, for the present, he seems inclined to make ducks and drakes of. He will sober down speedily, we doubt not, and find himself still in the enjoyment of a handsome sufficiency. As it is, he feels himself bound to tell you everything that occurs to him, and to tell it with excessive smartness. He has no idea of selection, of condensation, or, especially, of repose. He is afraid of stating a plain fact plainly. He is afraid of committing one unornamented sentence to paper. He conceives it his duty to be intensely funny or intensely melodramatic in every page. He seldom fails utterly in either attempt, but both are made too frequently to ensure anything like invariable success; while the sense of continuous effort becomes painfully fatiguing to the reader. As soon as Lieutenant Majendie can cast off his besetting fear of being dull he will become thoroughly readable.

The difference between these two writers—forced into possibly unfair comparison with one another—may be summed up as that between a shrewd, sarcastic Judge and a lively, intelligent reporter. Let us give precedence to rank and seniority, and treat first of the Judge. "Wanderings in India" is a series of desultory sketches describing the writer's experiences in our Eastern Empire during a residence of some years anterior to the breaking out of the great sepoy rebellion. The author's opportunities for dispassionate study of Indian society may be understood from the fact, which he cheerfully avows, that he landed in Calcutta "in no way connected with the Government," and was consequently regarded as an "interloper," or "adventurer"—terms, as we are informed, "applied by certain officials to European merchants, indigo-planters, shopkeepers, artisans, barristers, attorneys, and others." Mr. Lang's position was that of a member of the Indian Bar, the duties of which he combined with those of a newspaper editor, relieving both by the relaxations of a tourist and a sportsman. Belonging to neither the civil nor the military service, and consequently taking no part in the jealousies of those conflicting castes (compared to which the feuds of the Capulets and Montagues appear to have been mere tempests in teacups), in the possession apparently of ample means, frequent leisure, and a remarkable gift of *savoir vivre* securing him a welcome in all grades of society, he enjoyed unusual facilities for independently observing that strange anachronism in the nineteenth century which some of us are so obliging as to flatter with the name of "Indian civilisation." The result is the volume of sketches before us, a collection quite unique in its way; a work that recommends itself at once by unmistakable evidences of faithfulness and sincerity; a rare treat to the mere seeker after literary amusement; a valuable boon to the wearied plodder through maps and blue-books, by its faculty of indelibly fixing on the imagination enduring pictures of men, scenes, and events, in lieu of evanescent names, dates, and figures.

Mr. Lang is pre-eminently a literary "sketcher," perhaps the best in our language. It is not the highest renown that can be awarded to an author, but is one which the smallest number of able writers can be reasonably brought forward to dispute. Two great names in Anglo-Saxon literature, infinitely greater than Mr. Lang's—to wit, those of Washington Irving and Charles Dickens—are associated with the production of nominal "sketch-books." The title in each case was a misnomer. Irving's inimitable miniature studies of English and American life were as highly finished as a painting by Meissonnier, or a statuette by Canova. The "Sketches by Boz" were elaborate specimens of grotesque pre-Raphaelitism. The merit of "sketching" was the last to be recognised in the works of either of those great artists. Now, Mr. Lang literally "dashes off" a subject. A few broad lines in the right places, a blaze of light here, a blot of shadow there, and his picture has achieved the highest finish the artist is capable of imparting to it. Any attempt at laboured manipulation would be ruin to the suggestive truthfulness already attained.

The first chapter in the work under notice is devoted to a description of Mussorie, "one of the chief sanatoria in the Himalaya Mountains," about which we remember to have read a great deal in the columns of various publications, but without retaining any vivid impressions as to the locality and its distinguishing features—not the clearest, perhaps, as to its actual whereabouts. Mr. Lang, in a few easy pages that we seem to have skimmed through in about five minutes, places the whole scene before us as vividly as the Strand or Fleet-street. Take his opening description of the "Himalaya Club" as a sample of his powers:—

Here all those who can obtain leave, and who can afford the additional expense, repair to escape the hot weather of the plains. The season begins about the end of April, and ends about the first week in October. The club is open to the members of the civil and military services, to the members of the Bar, the clergy, and to such other private gentlemen as are on the Government House list, which signifies, "in society." The clubhouse is neither an expensive nor an elegant edifice, but it answers the purposes required of it. It has two large rooms, one on the ground floor, and the other on the upper story. The lower room, which is some sixty feet long by twenty-five wide, is the dining-room, breakfast-room, and reception-room. The upper room is the reading and the ball room. The club has also its billiard-room, which is built on the ledge of a precipice; and its stables, which would astonish most persons in Europe. No horses except those educated in India would crawl into these holes out of the earth and rock.

Facing the side door is a platform about forty yards long by fifteen feet wide; and from it, on a clear day, the eye commands one of the grandest scenes in the known world. In the distance are plainly visible the eternal snows; at your feet are a number of hills, covered with trees of luxuriant foliage. Amongst them is the rhododendron, which grows to an immense height and size, and is, when in bloom, literally covered with flowers. On every hill on a level with the club and within a mile of it a house is to be seen, to which access would seem impossible. These houses are for the most part whitened without as well as within; and nothing can exceed in prettiness their aspect as they shine in the sun.

From the back of the clubhouse, from your bedroom windows (there are twenty-three sets of apartments), you have a view of Dehra Dhoon. It appears about a mile off. It is seven miles distant. The plains that lie

outstretched below the Simlipur bear, in point of extent and beauty, to the Indian scene, nothing like the proportion which the comparatively pigmy Mont Blanc bears to the Dewalgi. From an elevation of about seven thousand feet the eye embraces a plain containing millions of acres, intersected by broad streams to the left, and inclosed by a low belt of hills, called the Pass. The Dhoon in various parts is dotted with clumps of jungle, abounding with tigers, pheasants, and every species of game. In the broad tributaries to the Ganges and the Jumna may be caught (with a fly) the mahseer, the leviathan salmon. Beyond the Pass of which I have spoken you see the plains of Hindostan. While you are wrapped in a great coat and are shivering with the cold you may see the heat, and the steam it occasions. With us, on the hills, the thermometer is at forty-five; with those poor fellows over there it is at ninety-two degrees. We can scarcely keep ourselves warm, for the wind comes from the snowy range; they cannot breathe, except beneath a punkah. That steam is, as the crows flies, not more than forty miles from us.

Mr. Lang tells us two agreeable stories in connection with his residence at Massorie, "The Mahomedan Mother," and "Black and Blue." Of each it may be said, *si non e vero e ben trovato*. To these succeeds an account of a visit to the celebrated Rane of Jhansi, who is thus described:—

And now the Rane, having invited me to come closer to the purdah, began to pour forth her grievances; and, whenever she paused, the women by whom she was surrounded set up a sort of chorus—a series of melancholy ejaculations—such as "Woe is me!" "What oppression!" It reminded me somewhat of a scene in a Greek tragedy—comical as was the situation.

I had heard from the vakeel that the Rane was a very handsome woman, of about six or seven and twenty years of age, and I was very curious indeed to get a glimpse of her; and, whether it was by accident, or design on the Rane's part, I know not, my curiosity was gratified. The curtain was drawn aside by the little boy, and I had a good view of the lady. It was only for a moment, it is true; still I saw her sufficiently to be able to describe her. She was a woman of about the middle size—rather stout, but not too stout. Her face must have been very handsome when she was younger, and even now it had many charms—though, according to my idea of beauty, it was too round. The expression, also, was very good and very intelligent. The eyes were particularly fine, and the nose very delicately shaped. She was not very fair, though she was far from black. She had no ornaments, strange to say, upon her person, except a pair of gold earrings. Her dress was a plain white muslin, so fine in texture, and drawn about her in such a way, and so tightly, that the outline of her figure was plainly discernible—and a remarkably fine figure she had. What spoilt her was her voice, which was something between a whine and a croak. When the purdah was drawn aside she was, or affected to be, very much annoyed; but presently she laughed, and good-humouredly expressed a hope that a sight of her had not lessened my sympathy with her sufferings nor prejudiced her cause.

"On the contrary," I replied, "if the Governor-General could only be as fortunate as I have been, and for even so brief a while, I feel quite sure that he would at once give Jhansi back again to be ruled over by its beautiful Queen."

She repaid this compliment, and the next ten minutes were devoted to an interchange of such matters. I told her that the whole world resounded with the praises of her beauty and the greatness of her intellect; and she told me that there was not a corner of the earth in which prayers for my welfare remained unsaid.

These hyperbolic stereotypes of native etiquette draw largely on our author's risibility. They are amusingly illustrated in a dramatised report of an interview with a more formidable personage than even the Rane of Jhansi—no other than the now execrated, but, at that time, eminently respectable, Nana Sahib, whom Mr. Lang visited and, as it seems to us, rather unjustifiably hoaxed by representing himself as the son of "Lady Bombazine, Munnymunt, ka upper Peccadillee, Bilgrave Isqueere, Sunjones wood-Camberwill;" which signifies this: "Lady Bombazine, on the top of the Monument, in Piccadilly, Belgrave-square, St. John's Wood, Camberwell."

Was this kind of practical jocularly dictated by good taste or policy? Was it not showing a contempt for a conquered people, too easy of detection? If Nana Sahib's visiting-book abounds in such entries as that dictated by Mr. Lang, is it a wonder that a proud, semi-barbarian chieftain (suffering, moreover, under a chronic sense of illegal oppression, as appears to have been the case, with the Maharajah of Bhitor), should nurse a hatred towards a dominant race whose representatives only visit for the purpose of casting ridicule upon him?

Mr. Lang remained for some days the visitor of Nana Sahib, whom he describes as "not a man of ability, nor a fool"—a skilful billiard-player more conspicuously than anything else. In addition, our author visited nearly all the stations of Upper India. There are few phases in native or Anglo-Indian life of which he neglects to give us a vivid glimpse. He introduces us to a reformed Thug family, living on sufferance at Monghyr, as King's evidence, or detectives for the punishment of unrepentant Thugs still at large. He familiarises us with all the squabbles of the civil and military government castes. He describes (in a very touching chapter) an English burial-ground in India, kept in order by an old pensioner, who sings English comic songs to the delight of a pet cobra capella residing among the tombs. He visits a remote station something like that snipe-shooting district of Boggylowah, where the never over-keen or brilliant intellects of the collector Josh. Sedley were suffered to become hopelessly rusty. Here he sees a larcenous Brahmin submit to capital punishment with the philosophy of a Socrates; and is honoured by an interview with Lord Jamleigh, son of the Earl of Dapperleigh, travelling in India for the purpose of one day correcting Blue-books from the place preparing for him in the British House of Commons. The portrait of his promising young Lordship will be easily recognised:—

His Lordship was a young nobleman, who was about to enter Parliament, and, being desirous of acquiring information concerning India, in order to be very strong when the question for renewing the charter came on, in 1852 or 1853, he resolved on travelling in the country for a few months: the entire period of his absence from home, including the journey overland, not to exceed half a year. After a passage of thirty-four days—having already seen the island of Ceylon, and approved of it—his Lordship landed at Madras, was carried up to Government House, where he took a hasty tiffin, and was then carried back to the beach, whence he re-embarked on board the steamer, and was, three days afterwards, landed at the Ghaut in Calcutta, where he found a carriage ready to convey him to the vice-regal dwelling. After two days' stay he was "pushed on," at his own request, to the Upper Provinces, his destination being Lahore. The newspapers got hold of his name, and came out with something of this kind:—"Amongst the passengers by the *Bentick* is Lord Jamleigh, eldest son of the Right Honourable the Earl of Dapperleigh. His Lordship leaves Calcutta this evening, and will pass through the following stations." Then came a list.

At many of the stations he was met—officially met, by gentlemen in authority, who dragged—literally dragged—him, in their anxiety to have a lord for a guest, to their houses, and kept him there as long as they could: taking care to have the north-west journals informed of where and with whom his Lordship had put up. He was not allowed to stay at a dāk bungalow for an hour or two, and then proceed—taking, in the strictest sense of the phrase—his birdseye view of India, its people, its institutions, and so forth. Some of them threw obstacles in the way of his getting bearers, so that he might remain with them for four-and-twenty hours, and thus thoroughly impregnate and air their houses with an aristocratic atmosphere. Others lugged him to their courts and collectorates—albeit he had seen one of each at Burdwan and Bengal, and consequently had seen the working of the Indian judicial and revenue departments, and knew all about them! This syncretistic impertinence of a few Government officials soured his Lordship's temper, which imparted to his manners a rudeness which was perhaps foreign to his nature. His Lordship was led to believe that all Indian officials were a parcel of syncretists—progress-impeding syncretists; and hence he grew to treat them all alike; and he did not scruple, at last, to extract his information from them much in the same way that a petulant judge who has lost all patience with a rambling witness takes him out of the hands of counsel and brings him sharply to the point. For instance, "I know all about that," he told me this,—notebook in hand—would Lord Jamleigh in such wise frequently interrogate his civil hosts, who insisted on doing themselves the honour of entertaining his Lordship. The fact was that, in his opinion, he knew all about India and its affairs long before he touched the soil; for he had read a good deal in blue-books and newspapers. His object, as we have before hinted, was simply to see the country and to travel in it, or through it, and thus arm himself with a tremendous and telling weapon in a contested debate, should he take part therein. And therefore, when his Lordship asked questions, it was not so much with a view to obtain information as to test the accuracy of that already acquired by reading over the fireside in the library of his father's mansion in Bagdad-square. Thus the entries in his Lordship's notebook were, after all, merely a matter of form.

All this time Lieutenant Majendie has been kept waiting for his turn. The path of the Lieutenant's narrative might almost be condensed into the form of Julius Caesar's celebrated despatch—he

came, he saw, and he assisted to conquer the rebel stronghold of Lucknow. Lieutenant Majendie was one of the last detachments of European troops sent out to India in time to be "in at the death," and the goodly work was accomplished in a style that made the whole world open its eyes and admit to have been all but unparalleled. These most interesting and graphic chapters having had publicity in the pages of *Bentley's Miscellany*, where, by-the-by, they shone to much advantage, must be already familiar to the great majority of our readers. Our high sense of this young soldier's merits as a writer (merits vastly outweighing the trivial defects, for the present, accompanying them) has been already recorded. The Lieutenant's sympathies are not expressly those of Mr. Lang, for of a sepoy swinging sullenly in the air he speaks as follows:—

Executions at this time were common in Allahabad; the energy of the gallows was severely taxed, for one, two, three, and sometimes more sepoys were hanged almost daily. It is rather startling when enjoying a quiet country ride to come suddenly upon a body writhing in its last agonies or hanging lifeless before you; it somewhat abruptly breaks off your train of peaceful thought and pleasant reveries of home; and I must plead guilty to something very like a revulsion of feeling when, sauntering along one evening, and coming upon a moderately large green, which my truant fancy immediately metamorphosed into a village green in England, I became suddenly aware that there was being swung before me not the signboard of the Green Dragon or Marquis of Granby, but the pined lifeless corpse of a sepoy, which a native policeman, tulwar in hand, was guarding. The man had not been dead long, and his face, over which there was no cap or covering, was as quiet as though he had been asleep, but the silence and the absence of any mortal beings but my companion, the policeman, and myself—the dreary, listless way in which the body kept on swinging and swaying and turning to and fro; the arms—what deeds of wrong and murder may not those arms have done—now pined as if in mockery of the helplessness of death, made the scene a sombre one enough—sombre, and that was all; for no feeling of sorrow, pity, or remorse for the fiends who, falling into our hands after a bloody and treacherous career, meet the death which is so justly their due, can ever be roused, I should think, in an Englishman's breast. This very man now swinging before us may have dappled those pined hands in women's blood, or the golden tresses of a child may have been wound round those fingers, while the other hand grasped the knife which was to sacrifice it; those eyes may have looked into the trusting blue eyes of a poor little baby, and seen it smile on him and on the sharp steel, in its innocence, and yet that smile may have failed to rouse his pity. Faugh! let us be off; such sort of reflections are not pleasant, but they are apt, my friends, to occur to one on such occasions.

*The City of the Dead; and other Poems.* By JOHN COLLETT. Hardwicke.

Is it worth while to note in passing the monstrous things men can print as "poems"? Perhaps it is when they are like this verse of a

## "CHILD'S PRAYER" (!)

When gloomy robes of dreary night  
Sweep silent by my side,  
And many a sad and ghostly sight  
Follows with noiseless stride;  
When slowly steals the bridled breath,  
The spirit quails with dread,  
And footfall low of ghastly Death  
Steals to some other bed;  
Or when, at call of wakening dawn,  
The spectral phantoms flee,  
And brightly streams the jocund morn;  
My God, I think of Thee!

Or, like this, from "Humorous Poems," called

## THE LAY OF THE LIMPING.

And now the parson's voice repeats  
The words that make me die;  
"A(h) men," the solemn clerk responds;  
"A(h) women," too, says I.  
I'll take my stand on London-bridge,  
Plunge in that stream of mud,  
And there will add more body to  
That porter-making flood.  
And oh, at evening, when the breeze  
From the rampagious sea  
Will wobble through the streets,  
Oh, think of blessed me!  
And now my story's done, fair maid,  
Of hope and sorrow blended;  
As the tadpole said, as he changed to a frog,  
Behold, my tale is ended.

We are inclined to think there are traces of a real disappointed affection in the love-poems, and that the author is a very good-natured person; but, if any of his pleasure in publishing this little volume depends upon his being recognised as a poet of even the very humblest grade, we have to be sorry for the disappointment that awaits him.

## Recollections of Samuel Rogers. Longman and Co.

The chief thing to be learned (we venture to think) from these memoirs of the conversation of such men as Fox, Burke, Forson, Grenville, and Wellington is, that thought in the life of our own generation has been enriched to a degree that is quite unsusceptible of being measured. Really, the talk of these "buried Titans" is very poor; and what are we to think of the general culture of an age in which a man like Lord Grenville could say of Locke what is here reported of him? "Locke was an extraordinary man, though in metaphysics he blundered about ideas," &c. &c. "In theology I am told by those who understand those matters that he erred most of all." This is his Lordship's way of saying he had understood Locke to be a Unitarian; but the "those who understand those matters" is surely very amusing. No subject lies so open to every man's study as theology; there is nothing in which a complete intelligence of the subject is so very easy; yet here we have a man of ability and education speaking of the science of religion as "those matters!" and as if it were quite the thing to take ideas on trust in "those matters."

There is a very comical passage about shorthand writing:—

I once sent a shorthand writer to take notes of Addington's speeches, but the scheme failed—the notes were so imperfect. All the reporters were against us, and the misrepresentations were a constant source of complaint.

Anybody will see the fun of this who will compare the reports of a speech of Disraeli or Russell in half a dozen morning papers of differing politics nowadays. The reports will be found to agree in the most wonderful manner.

The best anecdote in the book is an old one, but it may be new to our readers. Sir Walter Scott tells the story of himself.

## THE RAPE OF THE BUTTON.

There was a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top; nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day passed after day and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that when a question was asked him he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers again sought for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong.

Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him, and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! He took early to drinking, and I believe he is dead.

## \* The marriage service.

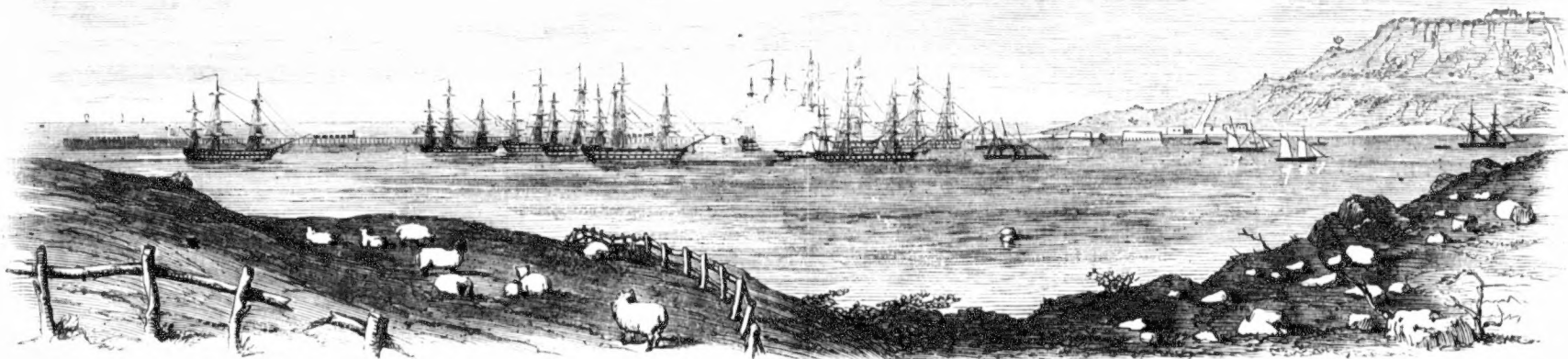
OFFICIAL BLUNDERING.—Upwards of a thousand soldiers were disbanded at Constantinople, and two steamers were chartered to take them home, to Smyrna and Trebizond. Boatload after boatload, to the number of 1120, were conveyed on board the Smyrna steamer, until it was as closely packed as a slave ship. It was then discovered that those intended for Trebizond had been shipped for Smyrna. An endeavour was made to remove them, but as the men could not stir they were carried off to Smyrna.





"RAMSGATE SANDS."—(A GROUP FROM THE PICTURE BY W. P. FRITH, R.A.)





PORTLAND AND THE BREAKWATER, WITH A PORTION OF THE CHANNEL FLEET.—(SKETCHED FROM ABOVE SANDPORT CASTLE.)

## RAMSGATE SANDS.

THE weather has been so dull and cold for the last few days that we were half tempted to postpone our fourth instalment of Mr. Frith's picture until the wind should change and the clouds blow away to somebody else's country. But we had promised the Engraving, and we give it, even against our judgment, for we hold that nobody can thoroughly appreciate a seaside bathing scene when the air is cold enough for fires and hot baths. On this same principle, of toning the mind to the painter's ideas, we never visit Lance's studio without a basket of grapes or a peach or two; and when we drop in upon Landseer, we invariably carry a terrier under our arm. Then we can judge with feeling, and consider our opinions invincible.

This week our Engraving represents the retired, highly-respectable *quartier* of the sands. Gentlemen who wear excessively good clothes, even on week days—ladies who are very extravagant in delicate-tinted gloves, and change their dresses three times a day—prefer taking their chairs away from the ordinary mob, and this is the spot they fix upon. You can imagine how secluded the locality must be by the fact that the sprawling, dangling, dawdling youth in the wide-awake has fixed upon it for carrying on his flirtation with the sweet widow, whose pretty nose makes you wish you could see her eyes.

The most pathetic incident in this picture is that of the trembling child about to be victimised by the old bathing woman. We remember those days of terror when each morning we (there were six of us) were led a weeping band to the foul, wet hag who, wheezing out a kind of song, dipped us head over ears into the salt water, never allowing us

time enough to squall, for the mouth opened for a yell of agony and fear was stopped by a fresh immersion. The pints of sea water we—the whole six of us—have swallowed, the dreadful aching this uncomfortable stomachful has produced, are things that will never be effaced from our six memories. Therefore we gaze with pity on the poor infant in Mr. Frith's picture. If ever a woman ought to suffer for her crimes it is a bathing woman. We believe they are all disappointed single females, who take to the calling merely to seek their vengeance upon other people's children through rage at having none of their own.

## THE PORTLAND BREAKWATER AND HARBOUR.

It is now about a year since England was astonished by the marvels of Cherbourg. The Queen of these realms was invited by her good and trusty ally to be present at the inauguration of the last of the colossal works completed opposite to Weymouth, and in near approach to the British coasts. In a harbour easy of access at all tides, and sheltered by an immense mole or breakwater, were collected to do honour to the Royal guest, and perhaps to impress her with the naval growth of France, a fleet of splendid men-of-war.

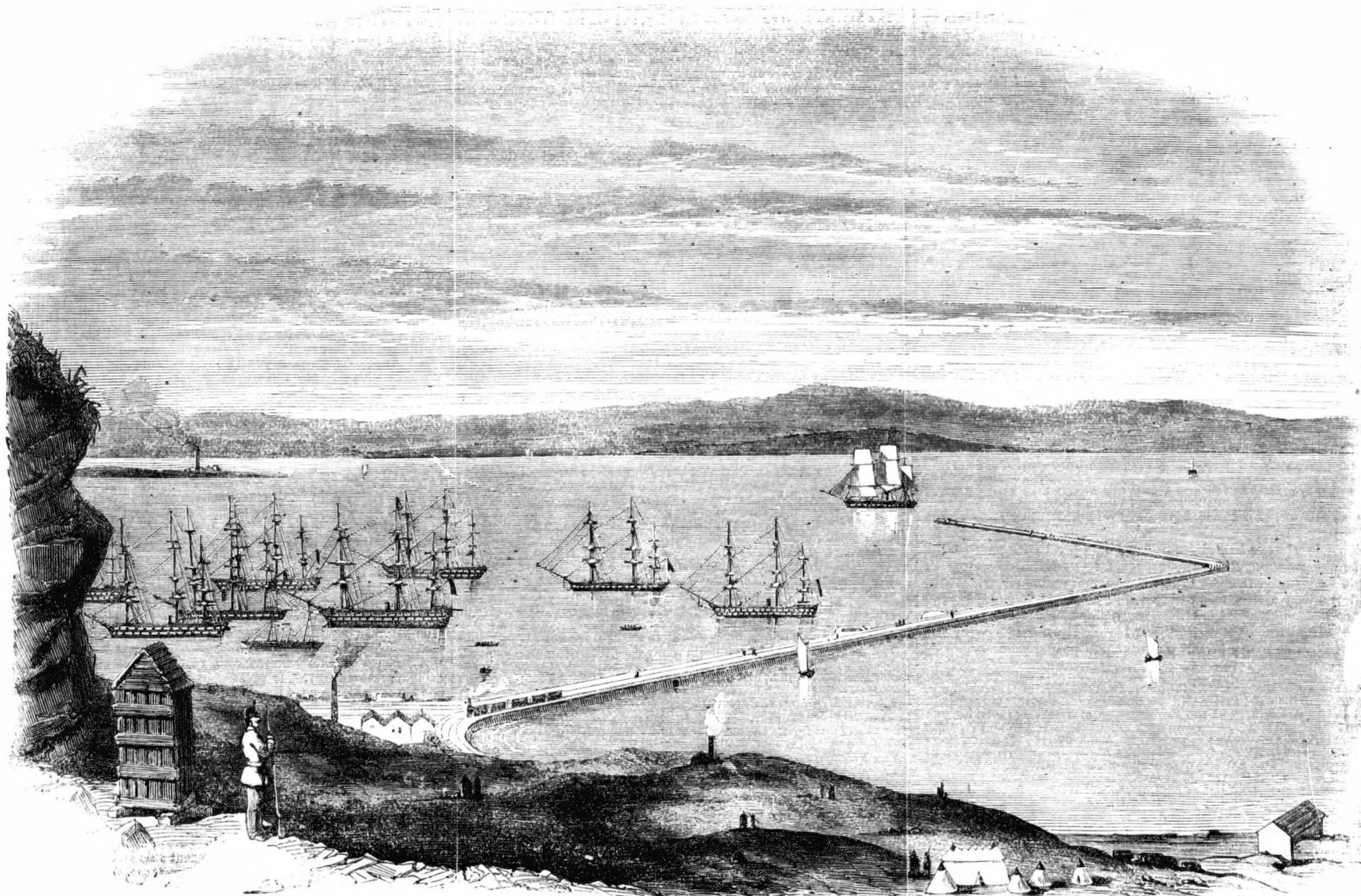
We also have our breakwaters and fleets at which to point with pride. Some idea may be formed of the gigantic nature of the Portland Breakwater when we say that no less than 4,000,000 tons of stone have been deposited in the sea for its formation—a mass sufficient to build a circular column of masonry 100 feet in diameter to an altitude of 8150 feet—more than a mile and a half, or about twenty times higher than the cross of St. Paul's. Its granite pier-heads would

afford adequate and fitting material for the capital of such a column, if such it were possible to build.

We believe it is intended that Portland shall be the starting-point for the most celebrated ship in the world, the *Great Eastern*, as that harbour alone is calculated in all respects for such a vessel. Probably before another week has passed this iron monster of the deep will be seen at the anchorage amongst the noble ships usually assembled there—a Triton amongst the minnows.

**DISCOVERY OF AN ISLAND.**—The Captain of the American barque Amazon has discovered an island in the Pacific Ocean, several hundred miles from any land laid down on the charts. Captain Eldridge says:—"It is in latitude 0.45 N., and longitude 176.35 W.; very low and dangerous, and is, I expect, the last resting-place of the crews of some of the ships which have been missed in years gone by. I ran along the lee side within pistol-shot of the beach, but it was too rough to land; and, after convincing myself that there were no living people upon the island, squared away again. On the highest part of the island is a house, apparently built from pieces of wreck, with a flagstaff at one end, from which still dangled the halyard block. Near the house were several little hummocks, each with a tall upright stone upon it, evidently the graves of the poor fellows who had escaped from the wreck of their vessel, and died on this dreary spot, where perhaps they had spent months in vainly looking for a passing sail to relieve them from their weary prison."

**CRUELITIES AT SEA.**—Charles Boutelle, the mate charged with having caused the death of a seaman named Peter Antonio on board the American ship *Conqueror*, recently arrived at Liverpool, has been discharged from custody, the reason being the want of jurisdiction on the part of the legal authorities at Liverpool.



PORTLAND HARBOUR AND BREAKWATER.—(FROM SKETCH BY J. H. COLEMAN, ESQ.)



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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

## THE IRISH REVIVAL.

THIS movement has attracted so much attention, and involves such very important considerations, that we think it right to make it the subject of a few remarks. In the din of business and pleasure which marks our generation every spiritual activity—every effort of the nobler part of man to assert itself against materialism and the domination of merely secular things—has, *prima facie*, a claim to respect. And it is most instructive to watch the forms in which this eternal instinct in man embodies itself nowadays. We have had nothing so great as the Methodism of the last century. But we have had Father Mathew with his temperance doctrine, and Spurgeon with his popular sermons, and even poor Joe Smith, who, as Mr. Mill says, died for his peculiar religion, and does not deserve only abuse. Grotesque enough some of these forms are, and in Literature, too, as also in Socialism, they assume strange guises; but the very lowest of them based itself on a spiritual feeling, and at best deserved pity, at least in its beginning. The great lesson of them all is, that the established religious institutions of the world, and the State as the educator of the citizen, which indirectly it is, ought to keep their lamps burning clearly. With an uneducated population, religious feeling, like everything else, is coloured by the prevalent ignorance; and if the present excitement in Ulster should spread to our great towns we may expect some remarkable, and in many places deplorable, exhibitions.

It seems clear—and we have the testimony of Archdeacon Stopford, as also of several Scottish divines, to the fact—that the revival has done a considerable deal of good. Of course we do not believe that there is anything special or supernatural about it, that it is anything but such a reaction in favour of one phase of man's various nature as must happen and has always happened with the regularity of the tides. And we must remember, further, its origin among a population a large portion of which is descended from Scottish Covenanters, and has never lost the impress of the intense religiosity of their times; as well as the fact that its most striking effects are produced on a class (the factory girls) enervated and made peculiarly impressionable by the nature of their occupations. Such facts of course do not detract from the dignity—nay, the sacredness—of the movement, the good effects of which ought to be thankfully admitted. We are particular in insisting on this because we have now to turn to the ugly side of the business—to the dangers which may arise from its being "worked" too much, and to the degrading features which have accompanied it. Archdeacon Stopford has recently given a melancholy sketch of these, derived from personal observation; and we strongly counsel the upper classes of the district to discountenance them as much as possible.

Vivid religious feeling has often been accompanied by physical disorder, as in the well-known and illustrious cases of the hypochondria of Cromwell and of Dr. Johnson. No wise man will speak irreverently of such phenomena, and few things have been more damaging to Lord Macaulay than the way in which he speaks of men like George Fox. But in Ireland some of the preachers absolutely endeavour to aggravate this weakness of human nature—to produce by sheer effort physical suffering, hysteria, for instance, in the women. Does not the following paragraph of Archdeacon Stopford revolt one?—

It is notorious that hundreds of mill-girls in Belfast have prayed, and are praying, to be "struck." This was acknowledged to me by an elder or office-bearer in a place of worship famous for such conversions. It was also told to me by many of the mill-girls themselves. I need hardly say that such a prayer answers itself. I say that they learn in places of worship to offer such prayers. I was myself present, in a Presbyterian meeting-house, at a prayer, offered with such frenzied excitement and gesticulations, that God would then and there descend and strike all the unconverted to the earth. That prayer was accompanied throughout by a storm of cries, and groans, and exclamations, and amens, all having the true hysteric sound. This was the most frightful scene I have witnessed in life: at the moment of the awful command to the Almighty to come down and strike it was perfectly terrific. No such scene would be permitted in any Bedlam upon earth.

This is simply brutal fanaticism, on a level with that of the "dancing dervishes" of the East. Its extension on any great scale would convulse the lower orders and endanger the peace and the very civilisation of the country. It is the abuse—the depravation—of what is otherwise a welcome "refreshing" in the spiritual life of a district. It is sad, as an evidence of the low state of so many of our poorer populations.

**SARDINIA AND MODENA.**—At the death, in June, 1807, of Cardinal York, second son of the "old Pretender," expired all the descendants of James II., and the representatives of the Royal houses of Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart thereupon vested, by inheritance, in Charles Emmanuel IV., King of Sardinia, who was eldest son of Victor Amadeus III., the grandson of Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of King Charles I. of England. Charles Emmanuel IV. died s.p. in 1819, and was succeeded by his brother, Victor Emmanuel I., King of Sardinia, whose eldest daughter and co-heiress, Beatrice, Duchess of Modena, was mother of Francis V., Duke of Modena, present heir of the Royal house of Stuart. Mr. Townsend, who has written a very curious and interesting work on "The Descendants of the Stuarts," remarks on the curious coincidence that in the ducal family of the little State of Modena are combined the representatives of three of the greatest dynasties in Europe. The Duke is himself heir of the Royal Stuarts of England. His elder sister, Theresa, is married to Henri, Comte de Chambord, *de jure* King of France; and his younger sister, Mary, wife of John of Spain, is mother of the Infante Charles, who stands in the position of heir presumptive, in the male line, to the monarchy of Spain.—*Vicissitudes of Families.*

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY arrived in town on Monday en route for her Highland residence. Her Majesty slept at Holyrood Palace on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday arrived safely at Balmoral. The Prince of Wales accompanied the Royal party from Edinburgh.

PRINCE ALFRED'S ABSENCE OF LEAVE having expired, he left Dover on Monday night to join the Euryalus in the Mediterranean.

THE PRINCE CONSORT has intimated that, as he has only made arrangements for staying one night in Aberdeen at his visit to the meeting of the British Association, he will be unable to accept the invitation of the Town Council to a banquet.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARIBOROUGH gave a treat last week to about 1200 school children, in the private gardens of Blenheim, the whole of which were thrown open to the public. Not less than 5000 or 6000 people visited the grounds.

THE SENTENCE PASSED ON ELLEN RUTTER, convicted at the late Gloucester Assizes of the murder of her husband, will be commuted to penal servitude for life. This result is owing to numerous applications on the prisoner's behalf, based principally on the ground of the gross ill-treatment she suffered from the deceased. The jury accompanied their verdict with a recommendation to a similar effect.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF ST. PAUL'S have made a special appeal to the public for contributions for the enlargement of the organ, so as to render it permanently adapted for special or occasional services under the dome. The estimate for such work as is merely indispensable is £1000, but to render the instrument really effective £2200 will be required.

A WHITBY BOAT took last week the enormous number of six lasts of herrings, each last containing 10,000.

MR. DICKENS has commenced his promised tale in the pages of the *New York Ledger*. It is to run only through two or three numbers, and each weekly instalment is but three narrow columns.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO. are about to produce a new monthly under the guidance of Mr. Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days."

SEVERAL TONS OF STONE scattered into the river at the blowing up of old Rochester Bridge have recently been recovered by the use of Heineke's diving apparatus.

SIGNOR MAZZINI is at present staying at Stella (says the *Newcastle Guardian*) for the purpose of recruiting his strength. "He is unwell from severe labour, and intends remaining at his present abode for some days."

SIGNOR COSTA is understood to be engaged in composing a new oratorio; the text, as before, is by Mr. Bartholomew.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS are about to make a trip to the United States, where they are very popular. They will go by the Great Eastern.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has left town for a few weeks' tour in Germany.

THE CHOLERA spreads along the shores of the Baltic. Its presence in Dantzic is officially acknowledged, as well as in Osnabruck and Elberfeld, and it is reported to have made considerable ravages at Hamburg.

THE PRIZE LIST OF THE CLEVELAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S MEETING AT REDCAR includes premiums for the best couple of foxhounds, "to be competed for by huntmen to any regular established pack." We have seen a class of shepherds' dogs at an agricultural show, but we believe this is the first time foxhounds will take part in the proceedings.

SIR ALAN MCNAB is seriously ill, having been attacked with bilious fever and the gout simultaneously.

THE REMNANT OF THE GALLANT BODY OF MEN whose names are imperishably linked with the defence of the city of Lucknow, the 32nd Regiment, has just arrived at Dover, to take up its quarters in that garrison.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE, accompanied by Lady Lawrence and four members of his family, is at the Lakes of Killarney.

THE ANNUAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT BADEN commenced on Tuesday, under the direction of M. Berlioz. Madame Viardot was the principal vocalist engaged.

VESUVIUS is bursting out into patches of fire in all directions. Professor Palmieri describes the process as follows:—"The fire runs along in hidden and naturally-formed conduits, the walls of which it bursts through when in any great mass, and then overflows. Every spot of fire, therefore, does not imply that a fresh mouth has been opened, but that a rupture has taken place."

THE TOWN COUNCIL OF BERLIN has just subscribed £1600 to a foundation in honour of Humboldt, destined to afford aid to learned men and travellers in the prosecution of the studies to which he devoted his long life.

MARSHAL BOSQUET has had a relapse, and part of his right side is paralysed.

MARSHAL NIEL, to whom the public is indebted for an account of the siege of Sebastopol, is said to be preparing a work on the late campaign in Italy.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM closed on Saturday, and will remain closed till the 7th inst.

THE *New York Tribune* amuses its readers with the story of a Mrs. Timothy Bradley who recently had eight children at a birth. We are assured that "they are all living and healthy, but quite small."

LORD DERBY and several of his colleagues in the late Government are to be entertained at a banquet at Liverpool in the course of the present month.

A WOMAN residing in Alma-street, Hoxton, was engaged in the area in front of her house, when a monkey belonging to an Italian organ-grinder jumped on her back, and so alarmed her that she was seized with convulsions, and died in two days after.

A BEACON has been erected on the Monkstone Rock, about midchannel between Cardiff and Weston-super-Mare.

THE HOP-GROWERS OF FARNHAM, in Surrey, and the principal inhabitants of Reading, are making efforts to establish a hop fair in the latter town.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF SIR CHARLES GREY, late Supreme Judge of Calcutta, had been long labouring under an aberration of mind. One night last week she rose from her bed, placed a lighted candle on the floor, and stood over it. Her night-dress ignited of course, but she did not move, and was found burning to death. She died two hours after the discovery.

A BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF AURORA BOREALIS was observed at midnight on Monday. It extended from the western hemisphere to the north-west, north and north-east, reaching to the zenith, and lasted for more than an hour.

THE KING OF ODE, who has been released, apparently without guarantees, resides in Garden-reach, below Calcutta. He behaved very well during his confinement, passing his time in stringing verses and painting portraits.

SIX LARGE SPOTS are now visible on the sun, one of them calculated to be 60,000 miles in diameter. The appearance of these spots is generally followed by increased heat; so that we may expect a warm autumn.

A HIGHLAND SOLDIER, writing to the *Inverness Courier*, says Lord Clyde "looks much failed, and is no longer the gay, lively commander we knew eighteen months ago."

A GRANDSON OF LESURQUE, who was unjustly executed for the robbery of the Lyons courier, has carried off seven first prizes at the Institution Potdevin at St. Germain.

A GENERAL MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS is rumoured to have taken place on the Dutch portion of the island of Borneo.

THE REV. CHARLES HARDWICK, Archdeacon of Ely, was killed on the 18th ult. in descending a mountain near Baginbode of Luchon.

THE CORK PAPERS will have it that the blight in its oldest and worst form has attacked the potato crop in that quarter. The fact of its actual appearance there has been several times noticed in the local journals.

THE ACROBAT BLONDIN has again crossed over Niagara River on his tight-rope, carrying a man on his back. He promises next to take over a cooking-stove with him, and when in the centre of the rope to cook some omelettes.

A GENTLEMAN IN ALOO received a letter last week of which the following is an extract:—"Dear Sir,—Enclosed I send you four postage-stamps, being your second and final dividend on the sequestered estate of —, late of Waterloo-place, Edinburgh."

THE SWEDISH GOVERNMENT is about to renew the attempt it made last year to relax the extreme rigour of the laws against the Dissenters. On that occasion the really important part of the Government bill, having been accepted by the citizen and peasant orders, was rejected by the privileged orders—the nobility and clergy.

THE BREVET OF MARSHAL OF FRANCE which was granted to the celebrated Catinet by Louis XIV., and signed by his Majesty, was, together with about a hundred autographs of distinguished men of the seventeenth century—Cornellie, Molière, Racine, Fénélon, Bossuet, &c.—sold by auction at Paris last week for 20fr.

MEETINGS OF THE MAYORS and other local authorities of the towns on the Tyne have been held to take precautionary measures, both for the prevention of an outbreak of the cholera, and for checking its spread should it make its appearance.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER and M. FELIX PYAT have added their names to the list of those who refuse the Emperor's amnesty.

A CHURCH FOR DEAF MUTES has recently been opened in New York. It is the only edifice in the world set apart for this unfortunate class.

THE REMOVAL, propagated by some foreign journals, that the visit of the Grand Duke Constantine to England has a political object is contradicted with some energy in Russia.

LORD BLOOMFIELD has purchased from the late Baron de Humboldt's servant the library left to him by his master for 40,000 thalers.

SIGNOR COSTA is understood to be engaged in composing a new oratorio. The text, as before, is by Mr. Bartholomew.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE LATE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD has been sworn under £70,000.

A GREAT NUMBER OF PHILANTHROPISTS applied at the goal to see the unfortunate Ellen Rutter, who cut her husband's throat. One of these gentlemen expressed a wish "to hear from her dying lips the confession that her melancholy fate and that of her husband was attributable to alcohol."

THE WIFE OF A SADDLER at Wolverhampton destroyed herself, a few days ago, owing to the brutal ill-treatment she received from her husband. The children gave evidence against their father.

THE MORTALITY AT SEA in 1857, as reported to the Registrar-General, was 344. The mortality was at the rate of 19.5 in 1000.

IT IS SHOWN that in the counties where the women are the most ignorant they marry in the largest proportions under twenty-one years of age, and lose the largest number of their children.

AFTER A NUMBER OF PRISONERS had escaped from the San Francisco State prison, it was discovered that when the convicts built the cells they laid the stones with special regard to the best plan for breaking through the walls, and buried in the mortar numerous drills, chisels, &c.

CERTAIN OFFICIALS charged with the management of the charitable funds of St. Petersburg having allowed the affairs to get into a scandalous state have been degraded.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON preached to the inmates of St. Pancras Workhouse on Friday week.

SINCE THE OCCURRENCE of the unhappy accident to Roger the tenor, three different propositions for an opera in which the hero should have been deprived of his hand have been submitted to the director of the Paris Opéra.

SHAW'S HOTEL at Gilsland, well known to tourists in that interesting locality, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon.

AGRICULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES has been on the retrograde for some years past, and the proportion of the male population engaged in such pursuits is diminishing.

SIR CHARLES BARRY and Mr. E. B. DENISON have been abusing each other in strong language respecting the Westminster clock, each endeavouring to throw the blame of its inefficiency on the other. Mr. Denison especially has shown great acrimony.

IN LANCASHIRE, in 1857, only forty-four women in 100 could write their names.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

POLITICS are not a bad speculation, provided always that you have connections, can get into Parliament for a snug, comfortable borough, and play your cards well. Of course you must choose the right side. The right side now is the Liberal, and will be, I apprehend, for many years to come. The Conservatives may mount to power at intervals, but the intervals are long, and on the whole Conservatism is down in the market. Whigism rules highest. A mild Whig of the pliant sort, one who has patient constituents and no squeamishness of conscience, and who will keep his weather eye open, is pretty sure to make the thing pay in the long run. If he have Parliamentary talents he may go in for a high class of office. If he have but little of this commodity he must look lower; but either way, by assiduity and care, there is a career open for him, and he is pretty sure of dropping into something snug at last, for, though mere sinecures are pretty nigh abolished altogether, there are not wanting very nice berths with which the Government of the day can and do reward their supporters. For instance, for lawyers there are County Court Judgeships, Commissionerships, &c., &c., and for laymen there are also hosts of offices, the duties of which are light and the pay good—such as Commissionerships of Excise, Commissionerships of Customs, Treasurerships of County Courts, permanent secretarieships, &c., &c. For example, Mr. Grantley Berkeley was for several years a member of the House, and during that time he had several Ministerial offices, and at last dropped into a permanent Commissionership of Customs, with £1200 a year. Then there was Lord Mulgrave, who closely followed in the steps of Mr. Berkeley. He also soon got into some office, and at last into the Governorship of Nova Scotia, with £1800 a year. And now Mr. Ralph William Grey, who came into Parliament in 1847, and was some time Secretary of the Poor-law Board, with £1500 a year, has also retired from Parliamentary life to receive £1200 a year as Commissioner of Excise. Now, none of these men had Parliamentary talents. Neither of them, I believe, ever made a speech in the House, but they assiduously served their party—were never absent from a division when they were wanted; and in time they had their reward. These are men of the lower class of abilities. Of a higher class Mr. Wilson is a favourable instance. Mr. Wilson's origin is well known. He was originally a tradesman, and as such did not succeed. He, somehow, obtained some money, got into Parliament, made himself useful to his party, got into office, and now, after a Parliamentary career of only twelve years, has gone to India with a salary of £8000 per annum. The great mistake which political adventurers make is, as far as I have been able to see, that they form too high an estimate of their abilities, and go in for the great game when they have only talents for the little one. And so they fall between two stools. Lawyers of third-rate position will aim no lower than the Attorney or Solicitor Generalship; and laymen who really have no abilities at all imagine themselves fit to be Secretaries of State. But if a man estimate himself aright, and will be content with a position fitted for his abilities, I consider politics, under tolerably favourable circumstances, a safe game. "Conscience!" Oh, if you stand upon that, of course you must give up politics as a speculation. I am looking at the matter in a commercial point of view, supposing that you are in the market. If you are troubled with a conscience, and will be likely, when the division-bell rings, to stand at the door and hum and ha, and question, and inquire, and hesitate, you had better at once turn your attention to something else. What the Government want, and what alone they will pay for, is support where they are wrong. Support when they are right they can always get plenty of—for nothing.

The venue is changed. Our Parliamentary orators, now that the House is closed, are appealing to the people. Mr. Cobden has addressed his constituents at Rochdale. Mr. Bernal Osborne has been indulging in one of "his loud shrieks of liberty" before his four hundred constituents at the snug little borough of Liskeard, which he has persuaded to elect him in the room of the aforesaid R. W. Grey; and Mr. Lindsay has been pouring out a voluble tide of his peculiar eloquence at Sunderland. Mr. Cobden's utterances were much the same as they were in Parliament. Mr. Osborne's were a trifle wilder than his Parliamentary speeches—I mean than those which he delivers when he is out of office; when he is in office he is as tame as Orson was when Valentine had the cord round his neck. Mr. Lindsay, being a great shipowner, is great upon all shipping matters, and the one burden of his song is the vast difference between the sum which the Government pay for building ships and that which he pays. Well, there is something in this, no doubt; but not so much as Mr. Lindsay would have us suppose. "The fact is this," said another eminent shipowner, in my hearing, "you may buy a mahogany table in Tottenham-court-road for £2, whilst for one of the same size you would have to give £6 at Gilrow's. Both are mahogany tables, and both will answer the same purpose for a time; but the difference is this—Gilrow's will be a table, barring accidents, a hundred years hence; whilst the Tottenham-court-roader will warp at the top, start at the joints, and go to pieces in ten years." Now, I do not say that there is all this difference between a Government ship and a ship belonging to the mercantile marine; but there is a great difference. No, Sir, the fault is not there. There is great blundering and extravagance in our dockyards, but the fault is not there.

Time was when the "stroller" was classed with the vagrant, had the stocks perpetually before his eyes, and was looked upon as the favourite



recipient of pillory and whipping combinations. Now, strangely enough, the tide seems to set in the opposite direction, and to be a mountebank is at once to ensure magisterial favour. Some few weeks since Mr. Hall spoke in the most enraptured manner of the performance of the little boys who throw summersaults and make "wheels" by the side of the omnibuses, distinctly declining to punish a lad who, by engaging in such pursuits, was charged with obstructing the roadway, and, by his observations from the bench, encouraging a belief that he (the magistrate) would rather like to be able to turn a "wheel" himself. Last week Mr. Yardley came forth in defence of the fillet and fleshings. A little boy who had been brought up by a show proprietor was some months since claimed by a drunken Irish huckster as her child. The claim was made out, and the boy was handed over to his self-asserted mother, by whom he has since been well beaten, starved, and deserted. Again he comes before the magistrate, and is finally remitted to his old friend of the show, who was proved to have treated him with great kindness, Mr. Yardley gratuitously adding an expression of opinion that the child's former life was a very pleasant and fascinating one, and a hope that he might enjoy it. Any one really acquainted with the lives of these people will be far from denying Mr. Yardley's statement, and will look upon it as a sign of healthy reaction in the public feeling. We have of late years too much leant towards the Belphegor view of the question, and have been disposed to look upon all showfolk as martyrs contributing by their own misery to the amusement of the public. Such is not really the case. Granted that it is unpleasant to have to be funny when we are ill in mind or body, to be amusing to the public when we would fain be weeping at home, is it only the professional acrobat or mummer who has this to undergo? Has not the writer, the lawyer, and many another servant of the public, the same call upon him? And they have to do their tumbling unsupported by the popular applause, and uncheered by that delicious sense of lawless freedom, of Bohemianism, of *laissez faire*, which forms a principal ingredient in the lives of wandering professors. In its present phase, however, the thing is extraordinary. We have long believed in the charm of a Bohemian existence, but little dreamed of hearing this opinion indorsed by the Bench.

The mania for mountain ascents would seem to have reached its height. Pining for notoriety, dying to see your name in print, you now rush off at the commencement of the autumn to Switzerland, perform some exceedingly foolhardy feat, and write an account thereof to the *Times*, which, driven to despair for other matter, inserts it. This year the papers are teeming with paragraphs of the mishaps, resulting frequently in loss of life, which have happened, not only on the Swiss but on the Scotch and Welsh mountains. Nothing can be so foolish as these panderings to the calculations of the life assurance societies. You gain no *kudos*, for what you do is done daily for hire by the guides. You have no enjoyment when every nerve is strained to its utmost, and a single false step may bring you to the grave, and all the pleasure you can have is in saying that you have been up. Besides, the business has now become perfectly common, and however pleasant the entertainment in Piccadilly may have been graphically coloured in description, and with the advantages of Mr. Beverley's scenery, we cannot fancy a duller thing than an evening with the Alpine Club, each member describing his own personal adventures.

The result of the Smethurst trial has had an extraordinary effect in eliciting an unanimous opinion from the cheap press of London. The *Telegraph* runs on parallel lines with the *Star*, and the *Standard* concurs with both. The only rivalry is as to who shall be most vehement in favour of the condemned. What a splendid chance it has been for these papers in this dull time; what a chance, too, for the correspondents; what "ample room and verge enough" has been given to all that Brown, Jones, and Robinson had to say; and how severe has Smith been upon the Chief Baron! The most curious point is that, if the capital sentence be remitted, nothing in the way of punishment can be inflicted! The man was either guilty or innocent. If the latter, and he has been wrongly condemned, he must go free! He cannot even be tried for bigamy, for the second wife is dead, and the first wife cannot give evidence, even if she would, against her husband. And, once freed, he is, of course, the legitimate possessor of Miss Bankes' legacy of £1700. I read your masterly exposition of the case last week, and see fully the difficulty of reconciling the medical evidence; but what I want to know is *how can one account for a man in his position performing the medical and dispensing offices which he did in attendance on the deceased, and what became of all the food which was not eaten by her?* The prisoner's statement on this last point—namely, that his affection for her induced him to eat it—is simply childish.

Of literary news there is none, save that Mr. Bentley announces the completion of the long-deferred "Gordian Knot," and the promise from Mr. Bohn of a new edition of the "Life and Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," by Mr. Moy Thomas, a gentleman whose talents and erudition well qualify him for the task.

#### THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE CLOSE OF MR. KEAN'S MANAGERIAL CAREER—THE FUTURE OF THE PRINCESS!—GOSSIP.

THE theatrical event of the week, indeed of the year, is the retirement of Mr. Charles Kean from the management of the Princess', after a rule of nine years. Mr. Kean's qualifications, both as manager and actor, have so often been remarked upon by me in this column that further criticism is uncalled for. Like every man distinguished in any profession, he has had furious enemies and ill-judging friends; but he has outlived the rancour of the first, and has not suffered from the adulation of the last. There is no question but that a large amount of the spleen indulged in by a certain portion of the press, and of the literary and artistic public, against Mr. Kean, was provoked by the injudicious and fulsome flattery of which, though I believe perfectly unconsciously, he was made the object. As the people grew sick of hearing Aristides called "The Just," so did certain journalists and players become riled at reading the compliments which were so lavishly paid on every possible occasion to Mr. Kean. The outcry against "upholstery" and decoration has long since been dropped. It was a charge perfectly without foundation from the first, but it was an easy and a popular one to raise, as there are always a certain number of Shakespearean enthusiasts ready to be persuaded that some one is endeavouring to insult their idol, and prepared to do any battle in its defence.

There cannot be the least doubt that Mr. Kean has proved himself an excellent manager. It is a self-evident fact—one which could not be called in question by a casual visitor to, or a regular habitué of, the theatre. Stage arrangements, scenery, costumes, dances, groupings, were all perfect; and the same care and accuracy which characterised the Shakespearean revivals was extended to the production of the slightest drawing-room farces and *lever du rideau* pieces. Everything that energy, attention, skill, liberality, and personal superintendence could do, both before and behind the curtain, has been done by Mr. Kean in a manner far superior to any of his predecessors—so far superior that an acknowledgment of the strivings for the same result made by Mr. Macready and others less furnished with the requisite means would have been but gracious in some of the speeches delivered at the Kean banquet, and would have prevented many invidious remarks at the omission. In all his managerial relations, therefore, with brother-actors, minor employés, &c., his conduct cannot be too highly extolled.

When we come to consider Mr. Kean as an actor the praise which we award him, great as it is, must necessarily be more limited; for, while so satisfactory and altogether universally excellent a stage-director probably never lived, strong men were living before Agamemnon, and very great actors were to be found before Charles Kean. The *Dieu Majesté* of the old time—the Kembles, Edmund Kean, Charles Youngs, &c.—are but known to the present writer by tradition; therefore it behoves him not to speak of them, and to say that Mr. Charles Kean is the greatest tragedian of the present day is not paying him a very great compliment, when we think that the only other tragedians

known to London audiences are Messrs. Phelps, James Anderson, C. Dillon, and G. V. Brooke—the first an exaggerated mannerist in a bad school, and the other gentlemen artists whose lungs and stamina have been more useful to them in their education than their brains. There is, however, a quiet grey-haired gentleman, living retired, and doing much good at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, than whom it would be difficult to say that Mr. Charles Kean is a better actor. But it is not comparison that is required; unquestionably Mr. Kean is an artist, careful, exact, and endowed with excellent powers of conception. He has certain physical shortcomings so pronounced that it is curious how he has been able so completely to overcome them; but he has overcome them, and by any one who has seen him for the first time within the last few years they probably have not been remarked. His best characters are Hamlet, Wolsey, Henry the Fifth, Fabian di Franchi, Benedick, Mr. Oakley, Louis Onze, and the Count in "Pauline," and in these it may be questioned whether he has been or could be excelled.

The farewell scene on Monday night will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. Perhaps the house never was so full; not only was every box and stall occupied, but the far end of the gallery ceiling was black with heads. The pit was crammed, and the lobbies behind both tiers of boxes so thronged as to be almost impassable. The play was "Henry the Eighth," and at its conclusion Mr. Kean, in private dress, advanced before the act-drop and addressed the audience in a speech of twenty minutes' duration. In the course of it he alluded to his principles of management, notably to his Shakespearean revivals, stating that he wished to make the theatre a school as well as an amusement, and answering some of his detractors in the following terms:—

I would venture to ask if in the play of this evening you have lost one jot of the dramatic interest because in the ball-room at York-place, and at the Queen's trial at Blackfriars, every incident introduced is closely adopted from the historical descriptions recording those very events as they actually occurred above three hundred years ago? I would ask, I repeat, whether the fall of Wolsey has been thereby rendered less effective, or the death of Katharine less solemn and pathetic? I would also venture to add that I do not think that you would have been more impressed with the address of King Henry V. to his army at Agincourt had it been delivered to a scanty few, incorrectly attired and totally undisciplined, instead of a well-trained mass of men, representing the picture of a real host, clothed and accoutred in the exact costume and weapons of the time. I remember that when I produced the "Winter's Tale" as a Greek play—that is, with Greek dresses, Greek customs, and Greek architecture—an objection was raised by some that, although the scene was situated at Syracuse—then a Greek colony—whose king consults the celebrated Oracle of Delphi, yet the play was said to be essentially English, and ought to be so presented, because allusions in various parts bore reference to this country, and to the period when the author wrote. You would, perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, have been somewhat astonished and perplexed to have seen the chest containing the answer of the Greek Oracle to the Greek King—supposed to have been delivered above two thousand years ago—borne upon the stage by the bee-eaters of Queen Elizabeth. You would, perhaps, have been equally surprised to have witnessed at this theatre Leonidas as a Greek King, in the last act, attired as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark; and yet such an incongruity was accepted within the last twenty years. I have been blamed for depriving Macbeth of a dress never worn at any period, or in any place, and for providing him instead with one resembling those used by the surrounding nations with whom the country of this chieftain was in constant intercourse. Fault was also found in my removal of the gorgeous banquet, and its gold and silver vessels, together with the massive candelabra—(such as no Highlander of the eleventh century ever gazed upon)—and with the substitution of the more appropriate feast of coarse fare, served upon rude tables, and lighted by simple pine torches; I was admonished that such diminution of regal pomp impaired the strength of Macbeth's motive for the crime of murder—the object being less dazzling and attractive. Until that hour I had never believed that the Scottish Thane had an eye to King Duncan's plate; I had imagined that lofty ambition—the thirst of power—and the desire of supreme command developed themselves with equal intensity in the human heart, whether their scene of action might be the palace of an European monarch or the wigwam of an American Indian. In the tragedy of "Macbeth" I was condemned for removing splendour that was utterly out of place; while in "Henry the Eighth" I was equally condemned for its introduction where it was in place, and in perfect accordance with the time and situation. I was told I might be permitted to present a true picture of Ancient Assyria in Lord Byron's play of "Sardanapalus," but on no account must I attempt to be equally correct in Shakespeare's "Macbeth"—that drama must remain intact, with all its time-honoured conventional proprieties. What would the poet gain, and how much would the public lose, by the perpetuation of such absurdities? Why would I present to you what I know to be wrong, when it is in my power to give what I know to be right? If, as it is sometimes affirmed, my system is injurious to the poet, it must be equally so to the actor; and surely my most determined opponents will admit that at least I have pursued a very disinterested policy in thus incurring for many years so much labour and expense for the purpose of professional suicide. Had I been guilty of ornamental introductions for the mere object of show and idle spectacle, I should assuredly have committed a grievous error; but, ladies and gentlemen, I may safely assert that in no single instance have I ever permitted historical truth to be sacrificed to theatrical effect.

One portion of the speech was statistical. In it we find that in one season Mr. Kean expended nearly £50,000; that he has spent £3000 on the mere bricks and mortar of the theatre; and that by the terms of his lease every single addition which he had made to the theatre, in the shape of fittings, scenery, wardrobe, &c., estimated at about £10,000, he is compelled to leave behind him. Verily, Mr. Maddox has had a good bargain! At the conclusion of the speech Mr. and Mrs. Kean crossed the stage amidst tremendous enthusiasm. They were both evidently much affected.

*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!* The curtain falls on the Kean dynasty, and the sun of Harris rises on the scene. Mr. Augustus Harris is the new lessee of the Princess', a gentleman well known to the London playgoer public as the stage-manager for many years of the Royal Italian Opera. He, of all men, should know how to provide for the public wants, and he would appear to be going in with spirit. Melodrama, farce, and pantomime, are to be the staple attractions under the new régime. The theatre opens on the 24th instant with a four-act drama by Mr. Oxenford, and an extravaganza by Mr. Planché. Among the company are Mrs. Charles Young, Mrs. Montagu Williams (Miss Louise Keeley), Miss Carlotta Leclercq, Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. I. G. Shore, Mr. H. Widdicombe (from the Surrey), Mr. Harcourt Bland, and several gentlemen of provincial reputation. If Mr. Harris will take a hint, he will be adding materially to the comfort of the audience by making an entrance to the stalls on the left-hand (facing the stage) side of the House. The means of ingress and egress are now very deficient.

The OLYMPIC is at present closed, but reopens in about a fortnight's time. New pieces, by those indefatigable dramatists Mr. Oxenford and Mr. Tom Taylor, are in the house; and we hear rumours of a wonderful mythological extravaganza for Christmas, by a hitherto unknown author.

The ADELPHI is open, but the company are only playing old pieces, and Mr. Webster is absent. When he returns we may look for the production of a new melodrama by Mr. Watts Phillips, the scene of which is laid during the period of the first French Revolution.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, after a very long and very prosperous visit, have gone back to America. It is not at all improbable that they will soon return and finally settle in England.

#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE *Universal Review* is scarcely so interesting as usual this month, principally, perhaps, owing to the absence of any taking social topic. The view taken by the editor of the "Wants of the Army" is essentially a doleful one; but, while he points at the defects in the organisation of our military system, such as one had hoped had long since been done away with, he points out means for their remedy, and shows that when the Secretary for War is invested with due power, and when his office is perfectly separated from and uncontrolled by the Commander-in-Chief, we may look for much necessary reform. It is gratifying to think that Mr. Sidney Herbert, who, while out of office, wrote so much and so feelingly on the condition of the British soldier, now has the power of carrying out his theories, and improving the condition of his protégé. There is a capital article on America,

grounded on the recently-published works of Mr. Grattan, Dr. Mackay, and other tourists; a clever paper on the "Secret Literature of Russia;" and a slasher for Louis Napoleon. There is, moreover, a new feature in this review—a story, the first part of which is smartly written and promises well.

The *Constitutional Press* contains the continuation of Miss Yonge's story, "Hopes and Fears," a very capital review of Tennyson's "Idylls," the conclusion of a most egregiously fulsome biography of Mr. C. Kean, and one or two other papers of average interest. As usual, I, personally, come in for considerably more than my share of abuse; and Billingsgate and I ought, I suppose, to be consequently in despair, but—

well, I have not blown out my brains,  
You see, I can laugh. That is all!

As Owen Meredith has it. The "Suppers of the Tories" are neither so splanetic nor so amusing as usual this month; but in them is to be found a gem of a song, one well worth quoting:—

Summer is sweet, ay, summer is sweet—  
Minna mine with the brown brown eyes:  
Red are the roses under his feet,  
Clear the blue of his windless skies.  
Pleasant it is in a boat to glide  
On a river whose ripples to ocean hasto  
With indolent fingers fretting the tide,  
And an indolent arm round a darling waist;  
And to see, as the western purple dies,  
Hesper mirror'd in brown brown eyes.

Summer is fleet, ay, summer is fleet—  
Minna mine with the brown brown eyes:  
Onward travel his flying feet,  
And the mystical colours of autumn rise.  
Clouds will gather round evening's star—  
Sorrow may silence our first gay rhyme—  
The river's swift ripples flow tardier far  
Than the golden minutes of love's sweet time;  
But to me, whom omnipotent love make wise,  
There's endless summer in brown brown eyes!

*Titan* is not very brilliant. It would seem to have misunderstood its *métier*. When it was Hogg's instructor, and De Quincy wrote in it, it was the most solemn of sedate serials; now there is a painful striving after fun throughout, and the result is infinitely more dreary than in the old days.

#### THE BUILDERS' STRIKE.

THE builders' strike halts on, creating wretchedness to thousands. The long days and the fine weather are going, the favourable time for building operations is passing away, and the short, cold days of winter are coming, to find work scarce and the benefit-society box empty. Meanwhile idleness is very expensive; the credit at the chandler's shop cannot endure for ever; and, whether from consideration of these facts, or from ennui, a spirit of uneasiness appears amongst the men. Here and there, on the other hand, a contractor appears to give way, or to effect an accommodation; but still on both sides the strike may be described as general, with little hope of any side yielding in the struggle. Supplies continue to be sent from the country to the operatives; but these funds are not much among so many, and wives may be seen visiting the pawnshops while their husbands are walking the streets.

The executive committee of the Central Association of Master Builders had a meeting this week—we do not know with what result.

There was a demonstration of building operatives at the Surrey Gardens on Monday, at which some 2000 or 3000 were present. Mr. Grey, the operative who presided, announced an unyielding determination on the part of the leaders of the movement, a statement that was loudly cheered by the assembly. A strongly-worded resolution condemnatory of the document was unanimously adopted. From the speech delivered by Mr. G. Potter we learn that 14,000 or 15,000 workmen have made application to share the supplies at the disposal of the executive committee. The strike at Trollope's, he said, had now existed for five weeks. The artisans on strike received the first week 14s., and the labourers 8s., making £189; the second week they received 20s. and 15s., making £215; the third week, 15s. and 10s., making £150; the fourth week, 12s. and 8s., making £141. Such a distribution, he believed, was unprecedented in the annals of any strike. To the men on strike they gave £685, to the lock-outs £542 12s. 7d., and the general expenses were £210; making an expenditure of £1337 14s. 7d., against £1401 5s. 1d. which had been received. They had a balance left of £63 12s. 6d. Delegates had been sent to rouse the operatives in the provinces, and he was happy to tell them that the reports received were most encouraging and cheering. From Glasgow they had been promised £500. Committees had been formed in no fewer than thirty-five towns, including the most important of the kingdom, for the purpose of organising a system of weekly contributions.

Waiting and hoping for a speedy decision of this unhappy question, we recommend the following passage, from the *Times*, to the attention of "the men"—"As the bricklayer hangs about trying to keep up his spirits by talking to others in his own condition he sees omnibuses and cabs drive by, yet it does not occur to him that the drivers work with eye and hand at a harder task than his for twelve or fourteen hours every day; he sees the baker's man come up from his hot prison after day and night spent in his sultry labour; he sees the doctor go back to his home in the morning, jaded and tired as from a night's hard watching, and emerge again shortly after and go forth upon his daily round. There is a dim ray in that upper window where a shirt-maker stitches through the night; and if he could see into that lit room in the larger street he would see a lawyer sitting at his papers. The butcher's shop, where our strikeman is not now a welcome visitor, is open for fifteen hours every day; and his own chandler's shop has its shutters down at six, and the active, bustling shopmistress, who looks more serious latterly, is not off her feet till ten at night. Using his eyes and his brain while he smokes that pipe, is he quite certain that it is the privilege of a builder only, of all men, to work but nine hours a day? If this strike is good for him, is it not equally good for the omnibus-man, the baker, the doctor, the shirt-maker, the lawyer, the butcher, and the chandler's shop keeper? The builder is not more hardly worked than the happy and busy crowd around him. Does he doubt cross his mind when he finds that he alone is idle, while others work longer than he works and are content—nay, glad?"

STATISTICS OF MORMON POPULATION.—The *Valley Tan* copies the following statistics of Mormon population:—"The population of Mormons in the United States and British dominions in 1856 was not less than 68,700, of which 38,000 were resident in Utah, 5000 in New York State, 4000 in California, 5000 in Nova Scotia and the Canadas, and 9000 in South America. In Europe there were 30,000; of which 22,000 were in Great Britain and Ireland, 5000 in Scandinavia, 1000 in Germany and Switzerland, and in France and the rest of Europe 1000; in Australia and Polynesia, 2400; in Africa, 100; and on travel, 2800. To these, if we add the different schismatic branches, including Strangites, Rigdonites, and Whiteites, the whole sect numbered no fewer than 126,000. In 1857 there appears to have been a decrease in the population of Utah—the number being only 31,022; of which 9000 were children. There are 388 men with 8 or more wives; of these, 13 have more than 10 wives, 780 men with 5 wives, 1100 with 4, and 2400 with more than one wife."

WRECK OF A RIVER STEAM-BOAT.—On Monday the *Bride* steam-boat, plying on the Thames, passed through the second arch on the Middlesex side of London-bridge, the tide running down at the time, for the purpose of turning round to make the pier on the Surrey side of the bridge; when she suddenly struck upon a sunken barge with such force that some of her plates were driven in, and the vessel began to fill very rapidly. The engine-room was soon entirely submerged, and it was with some difficulty the engineers gained the deck. Boats put off from the shore, and the passengers, fortunately not more than twelve or thirteen, were safely landed. The sunken barge had broken from her moorings the night before, and, swinging round with the eddy of the tide, came athwart the pier of the second arch, broke in her plates, and sank immediately.



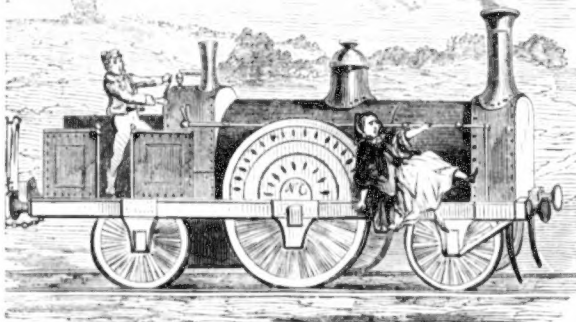
## THE "GREAT EASTERN."

According to the programme, the Great Eastern was to leave the river this morning (Saturday). The following were the arrangements laid down for her:—"At six o'clock she is intended to leave her moorings for the first time. Four powerful tugs will take charge of her—two towing ahead and two pulling astern. The latter are thus placed to help the gigantic vessel to turn in those sharp angles of the river which occur just below Greenwich Hospital and just above Blackwall; the Great Eastern herself will also be under steam in her paddle-engines, which, if occasion requires, can be turned round to assist the tugs. From Gravesend to the Nore the aid of the tugs will be merely nominal, if used at all. At the Nore two or three days will probably be consumed in adjusting compasses and filling in with coal. The latter will bring her down to a fair seagoing trim—that is to say, a little over ten feet deeper in the water than she now appears. The slightest possible addition will be made to her present draught of water till the Nore is reached. From the Nore she proceeds under easy steam to Portland, and receives her passengers for the first trial trip, returning afterwards to Holyhead, from which harbour she starts on her real trial trip to Canada on or about the 15th."

The number of visitors who have inspected the vessel during the last fortnight has been very large, the amount realised on the admission fees being upwards of £4000. The Prince de Joinville made a minute inspection of the vessel, and expressed his opinion that she was one of the most wonderful specimens of engineering and scientific skill that human ingenuity had ever constructed. The Grand Duke Constantine, who also went over the ship, expressed himself astonished at the magnitude of the whole undertaking for a commercial speculation, though, merely judging of it from a nautical point of view, he had little doubt of its success. He claimed for the Russian Government the credit of having the second largest vessel in the world—the General Admiral—though he thought the Great Eastern to be as much surpassed that man-of-war in beauty of form as she did in size and power.

The new steering apparatus, designed by Mr. Langley, a ship-builder, has excited much attention. A small illuminated dial, with a movable index, is fixed on the bridge in front of the officer of the watch, and connected with another of the same description in front of the men at the helm. Moving the index finger of the machine on the bridge to port or starboard moves the index of the machine before the helm at the same time, so that not a second is lost in putting the helm hard up or down. In the same manner the rudder itself is connected with another small dial before the helmsmen, which tells by its index that they have exactly obeyed orders; while this again, communicating with a similar machine on the bridge, shows the officer of the watch the instant his commands are executed. The apparatus possesses another signal advantage, which is, that simply moving the index finger to hard aport opens up two red lights on the port side, and by turning it to starboard a double green one is similarly displayed. Thus other vessels are warned to get out of the monster's way at the earliest moment.

In our continued series of Illustrations this week we give an interior of a sleeping-cabin or family saloon on the first deck, and also the entrance to the retiring-rooms on the second tier. It would, indeed, be difficult to find more comfort at home, and we may add more convenience, than is offered to the passenger during his residence in this floating first-class hotel. Here are salles à manger and salons such



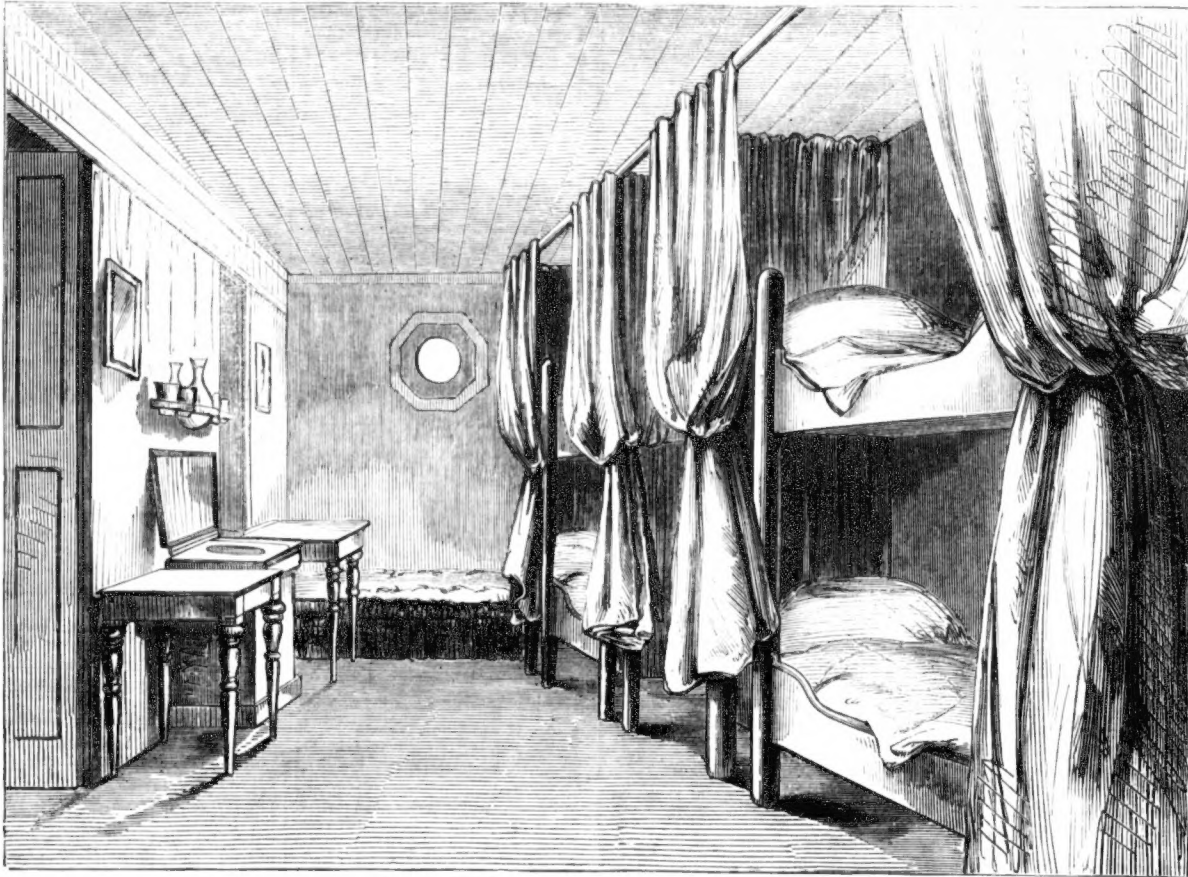
EXTRAORDINARY RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

as Astor House could not excel, and bedrooms so cosy and comfortable that the very sight of them brings on a luxurious drowsiness. We will describe the fittings and arrangement of one of the latter. The sleeping-cabin we have illustrated measures eighteen feet by seven feet six inches,

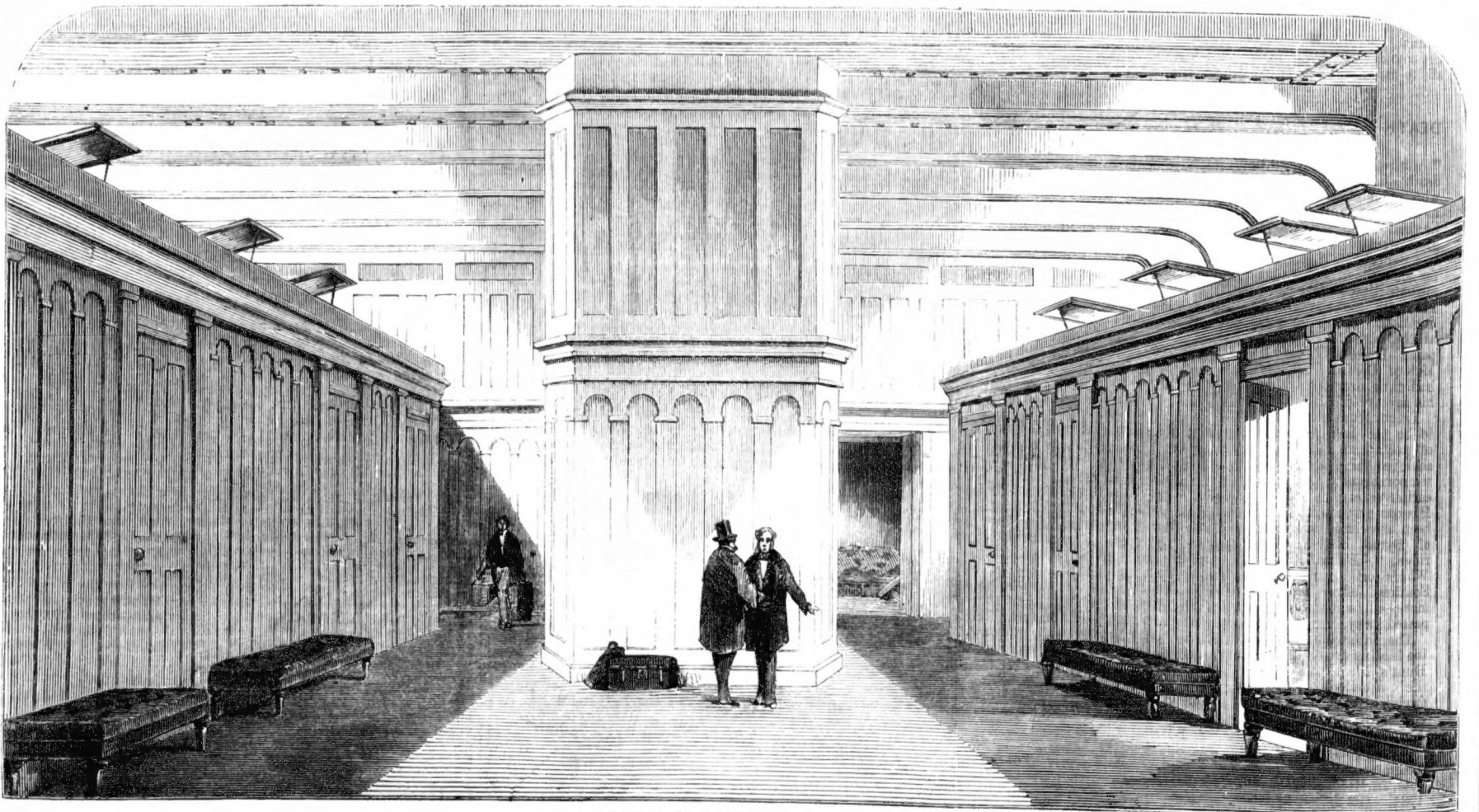
and is seven feet six inches high. At one extremity of the apartment is a couch or settee, covered with crimson velvet, which is made to open, and in which is stowed away during the day the mattresses from the berths. On the left is a washstand with moveable lid, acting at the same time as a mirror; and above is placed a rack, containing water-bottles and other necessities of the toilet. On the opposite side are the berths. These berths are so constructed that, by a very simple process of hinges, &c., they can be made to collapse and fold together against the side of the cabin, leaving a space of six inches between the two, so as to 'admit of stowing away' the bedclothes; this done, curtains are drawn across, and so kept until night; the consequence being not only that the bed arrangements are entirely concealed all day and the cabin turned into a snug little drawing-room, but that space is gained equal to about one-third of the whole area. The tables are so arranged as to be capable of extension or diminution in size. No particular pains have been taken to secure articles standing on them, as it is not anticipated there will be any serious rolling; but there are several contrivances in the way of screws to secure legs to floors, and ornamental rims, to prevent things slipping off, which can be resorted to if necessary. The cabin is floored with oilcloth, and Turkey rugs above. On the side of the cabin from which our Sketch is taken is a settee corresponding to the one opposite, and beneath this a bath, which can be easily supplied with fresh or hot salt water, by the aid of the donkey-engines or some of the multitudinous shaftings which are to work everything all over the ship. Such is a slight account of the arrangements of one of the first-class cabins.

The Times has the following observations on the ship as a cargo-carrying vessel:—"A great objection with the opponents of large ships was, that this one could never get a cargo, or, if she did, it would swamp the market to which it was consigned. When these arguments are fairly weighed against the extent of our trade with the East, and its gigantic annual increase, they appear literally 'almost absurd.'

Even as late as 1851 steam communication with China and other parts of the East was in its infancy. There was then only one mail service a month. In 1852 this was made a fortnightly communication, and now, although there is one a week, the demand for steam freight and passage is very greatly in excess of the supply. In 1851, when this new system was first originated, the trade to the East in outward tonnage only amounted to 542,852 tons. In 1858 it amounted to 946,503 tons, or nearly double. The value of this export trade has increased in the same short interval in the same immense proportion, being now with Australia £10,000,000 per annum, and with India £18,000,000, exclusive of bullion. The export trade with China from this country does not so correctly indicate its true value, as much of the tea and silk is paid for by the cotton and opium sent from India. Yet the value of the silk and tea imported from China is, like the India trade, double now what it was in 1851, and is probably little under £15,000,000. If, then, the trade with the East generally has increased at this tremendous rate in seven years, when railways were not commenced, what may not fairly be anticipated when the fast progressing lines are completed in India, Ceylon, and Australia, and when the new treaties with China and Japan begin to bear fruit? The monthly clearances of vessels to the East are about 80,000 tons, so that vessels like the Great Eastern leaving England once a month could only carry one-tenth of the existing trade, and probably not more than one-fifteenth of what it will be in a



THE GREAT EASTERN.—FAMILY SLEEPING-CABIN.



SECOND-DECK SLEEPING-CABINS.



couple of years hence. But six Great Easterns would be necessary to enable one to leave England once a-month, and as yet we have only one Great Eastern afloat, or even thought of. With such plain facts as these, what becomes of the objection that a ship which can do the long sea voyage to India in thirty days will not get a cargo? As to swamping the markets of India, China, and Australia, with 8000 tons, which is only the cargo of one large vessel to each place, the idea is simply ridiculous. Persons are apt to forget when they speak of the India and China market that it means supplying the wants of 20,000,000 of people, and that two vessels like the Great Eastern always loaded and going backwards and forwards as fast as they could run would hardly supply those markets with nankeens and printed calicoes alone. The only question that has now to be solved is that of her speed. A few days more will settle this; and, if the ship only realises what the least sanguine of her admirers expect, the Great Eastern will prove a triumph as great in a commercial point of view as she is already in an engineering and scientific one."

#### EXTRAORDINARY RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A CORRESPONDENT has forwarded to us a Sketch (which we have engraved this week) and a brief account of a most remarkable accident that occurred a few days since on the Cambridge line. As the passenger-train from Cambridge to Hitchin neared the bridge at the Shelford junction an old woman drove on to the rails just in front of the engine, which was going at a speed of twenty miles an hour. The horse and cart were literally dashed to pieces, and, although there were four children besides the old woman in the vehicle, strange to say, they all escaped unhurt. The old lady herself was pitched on to the engine, across the top of the motion-bars, her head resting against the driving-wheel splasher. In this position she was carried a distance of seventy yards before the driver could manage to pull up. Save for the fright and some slight disarrangement of her attire, the old dame seemed none the worse from her experiences of an unusual system of railway travelling.

#### MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AT WARWICK.

THIS very handsome fountain has been raised to commemorate the visit of the Queen to the ancient borough of Warwick during her progress through the midland counties last year. The style of architecture employed is an adaptation of that which prevailed in this country during the thirteenth century. Mr. Greenway, a pupil of Mr. Pugin, furnished the design from which the work was executed. The carving, which is exceedingly rich, is from the chisel of Mr. Gessowski, of Liverpool. The coats of arms are those of the Queen, the Earl of Warwick, and the borough. The sculptured heads represent, in addition to likenesses of her Majesty and Prince Albert, those of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester, and other personages historically connected with the town.

The water issues from the jaws of lions and bears, placed alternately, the former being crowned and the latter chained and muzzled, as in the famous crest of the Earls of Warwick.

The inscription is as follows:—

Erected to commemorate the visit Queen Victoria, on June 6, 1858.  
W. B. SHAW, Mayor.

#### A CONFESSIONAL IN A CHURCH AT LIMA.

We this week engrave another of our Correspondent's Sketches of religious life in Lima. He thus writes in allusion to it:—

"The interior of the churches differ but little from those in Europe, excepting that the roofs are divided into innumerable compartments of almost every shape. The confessional-boxes do not shut in, and the penitents are only separated from their spiritual adviser by a strip of black silk, which is suspended over the opening through which the confessions are made. My attention was greatly attracted by a young girl who occupied one of the confessionals, and who seemed to be relating something of intense interest, for every now and then, when she appeared to pause, the face of the monk, who was listening to her tale of love or aught else, would take an expression of impatient anxiety, which was immensely amusing. I could not help taking out my book and pencil and jotting down the accompanying sketch, which will give you an idea of the group they formed. In an adjoining pew was seated a charming girl waiting her turn to communicate. She was elegantly dressed, and, on seeing me with my pencil in hand, evidently took some pains to place herself in an easy and graceful pose. A negro servant, half of whose face was hidden by an extravagant shirt collar, attended the young lady. He stood at some little distance from his mistress, and, perceiving how I was employed, endeavoured to get himself into the most dignified attitude, expecting by this to attract my attention and get transferred, collar and all, to paper."

#### DEATH OF MR. LEIGH HUNT.

"WE regret to record the death of Mr. Leigh Hunt, which took place on Sunday morning at Putney, where he had been residing for some weeks. He had been in a delicate state of health for some time, but the immediate illness which caused his death was but of short duration. He passed away at the last almost without pain. He was born on the 19th of October, 1784, and had thus nearly completed his seventy-fifth year.

Leigh Hunt may be said to be the last of a group of poets and essayists who achieved fame almost contemporaneously in the earlier years of this century. His name and writings have been associated with those of Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Wordsworth, Scott, Moore, Southey, Jeffrey, and many more—all whom have now passed away.

The following sketch of the leading events of Leigh Hunt's life is taken from the excellent "English Cyclopædia of Biography" conducted by Mr. Charles Knight:—

"Hunt, James Henry Leigh, was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, Oct. 19, 1784. His father, by birth a West Indian, had married an American lady, and was residing in North America when the War of Inde-



MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AT WARWICK.

pendence broke out. Taking the Loyalist side in the strife, he was obliged to flee to England, where he took orders in the English Church, and was for some time tutor to Mr. Leigh, nephew of the Duke of Chandos. Of several sons Leigh became the most distinguished; he was educated, as his friends Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Barnes, afterwards well known as editor of the *Times*, had been, at Christ's Hospital, London; and even while there he revealed his natural genius for literature by numerous attempts in verse, some of which were published in 1802 by his father, under the title of 'Juvenilia, or a Collection of Poems Written between the Ages of Twelve and Sixteen.' After leaving Christ's Hospital, at the age of fifteen, he was for some time in the office of one of his brothers, who had become an attorney, and afterwards he had a situation in the War Office.

"While in these employments he contributed to various periodicals; writing, more especially, theatrical criticisms and literary articles for a weekly newspaper which had been started in 1805 by his elder brother, John Hunt. Of his theatrical criticisms, which were in a style then quite new, a selection was published in 1807 in a more lasting form, in a volume of 'Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres.'

"In 1808 Mr. Hunt left the War Office, at the age of twenty-four, to become the joint editor and proprietor of the *Examiner* newspaper—a journal the high reputation of which, both for liberal politics and literary ability, was first acquired under the management of the Hunts. The reputation, however, was not acquired in those days of political persecution without some serious personal consequences to the partners.

Although more literary than political in his tastes, the articles of Leigh Hunt, as well as those of his brother, were of a kind to give offence to the ruling powers of the day; and on three several occasions the *Examiner* had to stand a Government prosecution. On the first occasion, in 1810, when the cause of offence was an article on the Regency, reflecting on the rule of George III., the prosecution was abandoned; on the second, which was caused in 1811 by an article on 'Flogging in the Army,' the brothers were tried before Lord Ellenborough, but, being defended by Mr. Brougham, were acquitted by the jury; on the third, however, when the cause was an article referring to the Prince Regent in rather severe terms, and calling him 'an Adonis of fifty,' the brothers were sentenced to pay a fine of £500 each and to two years' imprisonment. The imprisonment, though actually undergone, was lightened by the public sympathy with the captives; and Leigh Hunt describes the two years as being spent very pleasantly amid flowers and books, with occasional visits from friends, such as Byron, Moore, Charles Lamb, Shelley, and Keats, some of whom he then became acquainted with for the first time. Keats' sonnet, 'Written on the Day that Mr. Leigh Hunt left Prison,' is a fine poetical expression of the affection with which Mr. Hunt was regarded at that time by a wide circle of literary friends. Among the literary fruits of his leisure in prison, published after his release, were 'The Descent of Liberty,' a masque, 1815; 'The Feast of the Poets,' with notes, and other pieces, in verse, 1815; and the well-known 'Story of Rimini,'—the last of which gave the author at once a place among the poets of the day.

"In 1818 appeared 'Foliage, or Poems, original and translated, from the Greek of Homer, Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, and Anacreon, and from the Latin of Catullus.' About the same time Mr. Hunt started the *Indicator*, a small weekly paper, on the model of the Queen Anne Essayists. In 1823 he published 'Ultra-Crepidarius, a Satire on William Gifford'—a retaliation on the *Quarterly Review* for its severe treatment of the school of poetry to which Mr. Hunt was most closely related. Before this satire was published, however, Mr. Hunt, whose circumstances had not recovered from the confusion into which they had been thrown by his imprisonment and by the expenses of the *Examiner*, had accepted an invitation from Shelley and Lord Byron, and gone over to Italy (1822) to assist them in carrying on the *Liberal*, a journal the opinions of which were to be of an extreme kind, both in politics and literature. The death of his kindest friend, Shelley, at the very moment of his arrival (July, 1822), was a heavy blow to his fortunes; and though Mr. Hunt lived for a time under the same roof with Lord Byron, the connection was not of a kind to last. The *Liberal* was discontinued—Byron and Hunt parted, less mutually friends than when they had met. Byron died in 1824; and, after living with his family some time in Italy, Mr. Hunt returned to England. The publication, in 1828, of 'Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries, with Recollections of the Author's Life and his Visit to Italy,' gave much offence to Lord Byron's admirers, and especially to Moore; and Mr. Hunt has himself subsequently declared the criticisms of Byron's personal character and behaviour there contained to be unnecessarily harsh and bitter. In 1828 Mr. Hunt (who had meanwhile been contributing largely, together with Lamb, Hazlitt, &c., to various periodicals, including the *London Magazine*, started the *Companion*, a kind of sequel to the *Indicator*; and the *Indicator* and *Companion*, republished together in 1834, has been deservedly among the most popular of modern collections of light and fanciful essays. In 1833 was published a collected edition of Leigh Hunt's poetical works, since superseded by later editions, which include, in addition to other later poems, his celebrated 'Captain Sword and Captain Pen,' first published separately in 1835. In 1834 he started a new serial, the *London Journal*, which he continued to edit during that and the following year. He then wrote for periodicals until 1840, when he published 'A Legend of Florence: a play' (acted with some success at Covent Garden), and several parts of a new serial, called 'The Seer, or Commonplaces Reported'; and also edited the 'Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar.' These works were followed, in 1842, by 'The Palfrey, a Love Story of Old Times,' and 'One Hundred Romances of Real Life, selected and translated,' 1843. A larger work of fiction was 'Sir Ralph Esher, or Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II.,' a new edition of which appeared in 1850. Of Mr. Hunt's later works the following are the chief:—'Imagination and Fancy' (a series of extracts from the English poets, with five critical elucidations and a preliminary essay on poetry), 1844; 'Wit and Humour' (a similar collection), 1846; 'Stories from the Italian Poets, with Lives' (a collection of admirably translated pieces), 1846; an edition of the 'Dramatic Works of Sheridan,' with biography and notes, 1846; 'Men, Women, and Books: a selection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs,' 1847; 'A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla' (a collection in prose and verse), 1848; 'A Book for a Corner' (also a collection of pieces in prose and verse), 1849; the author's 'Autobiography,' in 3 vols., 1850; a volume of 'Table-talk, with Imaginary Conversations of Pope and Swift,' 1851; 'The Town, its Remarkable Characters and Events' (a delightful book of gossip about London streets), 2 vols., 1848; 'The Religion of the Heart: a Manual of Faith and Duty,' 1853; a collection of 'Stories in Verse,' from the author's earlier writings, 1855; and the 'Old Court Suburb, or Memorials of Kensington, Regal, Critical, and Anecdotal,' 2 vols., 1855. In 1847 Mr. Hunt received from the Crown a literary pension of £200 per annum, which he enjoyed till his death, with the goodwill of thousands whom his writings, both in prose and in verse, have instructed and charmed."

The character of Leigh Hunt's writings is very varied. As an essayist he had occasionally flashes of that odd humour which in Charles Lamb's writings is so irresistible and unique, but their prevailing characteristic was a delicate sensitiveness of thought which seemed sometimes carried to excess. To readers who love bold, positive dogmas Leigh Hunt seemed always too considerate, too capable of seeing many sides of a question; but the peculiarity was evidently the result of very wide-spread sympathies, and a thorough conscientiousness in literary expression. Those who knew him personally also recog-



A CONFESSIONAL IN A CHURCH AT LIMA.



nised in his writings the natural gentleness and "charity that thinketh no evil" which marked him as a man. There probably were few men more ready to admit the possible and probable possession of virtues and redeeming qualities in others (even in those most clearly convicted of offences) than was Leigh Hunt, and this tendency weakens the force of expression in many of his written opinions. It gave to hasty observers an impression prejudicial to his manliness; but Leigh Hunt proved his moral courage more decisively than by denunciation of opinions adverse to his own. In days when liberal opinions were dangerous he expressed them firmly and fearlessly, and he suffered with calm constancy an imprisonment which a slight submission could easily have evaded. His rank as a poet is a matter more for literary disquisition than for any biographical sketch. Few will deny the happiness and beauty of many of the passages in "The Story of Rimini," his longest and probably his best-known poem. Of late years his writings have not been many. His latest book was "The Old Court Suburb." He was a contributor to *Household Words*, and up to within the last few weeks he supplied an occasional contribution to the *Spectator*.

He kept up with the time in a way that was perfectly wonderful in a person of his years. Many a younger man who had flattered himself he had run through his morning newspaper sufficiently for all ordinary purposes of conversation would find himself in the evening a good deal behindhand with the journalist who had fought the battle of liberal opinion in the days of the Regency. And it was the same with literature as with politics and social events. If any new work of mark appeared it was not long before Leigh Hunt had read it and could discourse a critical account of its nature and style, with that delicacy of apprehension and exquisite freshness of language which made his conversation renowned. He was a passionate lover of music, especially of that which belongs to what may be called the land of music; and, only three or four hours before his death, was listening with great delight to some Italian airs which his daughter was singing in an adjoining room. He signified his approval of these in a tone of voice so firm and loud that any apprehensions which had been previously felt were in some degree removed, but shortly afterwards he fainted. On recovering he said to one of his sons who was seated by his bedside, "I don't think I shall get over this," and almost immediately passed away.

#### BRADFORD FESTIVAL.

In our first communication, written from Bradford, we spoke only of the performance of "The Creation," and of the arrangements for the festival. The festival is now at an end, and before the present article appears long accounts of the various oratorios, their execution, and their reception, and of all the miscellaneous concerts, will have been published in the morning journals. It remains for us to say a few words about festivals generally, and especially about the one that has just taken place at Bradford. To this we would gladly add some remarks on the climate, natural and artificial, of the town, the effect of smoke and shoddy on the human lungs, together with anecdotes of the inhabitants, and exemplifications of their manners, customs, and dialect. The nature and conduct of the visitors, British and foreign, to Bradford during festival time might also be commented upon; but we are afraid we have already traced a programme to which it will be difficult for us to conform. However, let the musical portion of the festival be disposed of first.

Formerly, before the Sacred Harmonic Society was established, the festival performances in cathedral towns were almost the only ones at which it was possible to hear oratorios. In the metropolis one of Handel's great works was given from time to time; but it was in the provinces that sacred music was especially cultivated, and at the provincial festivals that it was executed to the greatest perfection. Even now, if we go beyond the circles of musicians and musical critics, a love of Handel may almost be accepted as a sign of provincial taste, though it is certain that an admiration for oratorios has of late years become widely spread in London, more especially among the large body of dissenters, who hold operative performances in horror, and who at their own Exeter Hall can only prevail upon themselves to listen to the "Traviata" on condition that the words are given in Italian or some other unknown tongue. But, from the time that Handel's oratorios were first given at the King's Theatre or the Foundling Hospital to the comparatively recent revival, it may be said that the home of sacred music was in the cathedral towns, and that its traditions were preserved through the great festivals, which attracted visitors of all kinds from far and near. At present railways and Mr. Costa have changed all that. By the side of the cathedral festivals the festivals of our great manufacturing towns have sprung up, those of Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, &c.; and at these it is an understood thing that Mr. Costa, who brings with him all his experience of the Sacred Harmonic Society, must preside. More than that, Mr. Costa brings with him the band of the Royal Italian Opera, and with this formidable body of musicians the united organs of any number of cathedrals supported by any number of local performers cannot hope to contend. The most important festivals now are those which are held in the great centres of industry, and of these one of the most interesting is that which takes place every three years at Bradford, and which was celebrated for only the third time some ten days since.

Since the eclipse of the cathedral festivals by those of the manufacturing towns, it has been customary at the latter to produce, on each great triennial occasion, some new work by a musician of eminence. Thus, Mendelssohn's "Elijah," considered by a great many persons to be superior to his "St. Paul" (which, grandeur apart, contains more pure beauty than any other oratorio), was written expressly for the Birmingham festival. Mr. Costa's "Eli" was composed for Birmingham; and we believe Mendelssohn intended his "Christus" (left unfinished) for the same favoured city. At Bradford, then only two festivals old, Mr. Macfarren's "May Day" was given for the first time, in 1856; and it is said that the enthusiasm of the Bradfordians for our most national of composers was carried to such an extent that they were very nearly inviting Mr. Macfarren to come and hear his own work. But there is a limit even to the enthusiasm of Bradford, and the inventor of the melodies of "May Day" was suffered to remain in London.

This time Bradford has not given us much in the way of novelty, unless there be novelty in the very admirable singing of the Bradford choir, which appears to have attracted far more attention at this last than at either of the preceding festivals. But the only new musical work produced was a bundle of fragments of the most trifling nature, composed by Mr. Jackson, the chorus-master, and entitled, in its collective form, "a cantata." The name of the "cantata" was "The Year" (we say "was," though we have no doubt it will live for months, perhaps even years, in the memory of the Bradfordians), and the libretto was made up of little poems and songs about the various phenomena of the seasons by English and American poets. Mr. Jackson is as celebrated as a composer can be whose celebrity is confined to Bradford, and his fellow-townsmen showed the high appreciation in which they hold him by enacting a large number of pieces from his "cantata"—among others, a harvest-home song and three choruses. Of the choruses so honoured the best was an unaccompanied one in the style of Mendelssohn; the two others were written respectively in waltz and polka time, and were quite as commonplace as most waltzes and polkas.

The Bradford Festival of the present year did not, then, derive much attractiveness from its new cantata, which fatigued those who did not belong to Bradford in a very short time. But, if Mr. Jackson obtained no real success as a composer, he gained a veritable triumph as a chorus-master, for to him personally is certainly due a large portion of the credit gained by the excellent singing of the Bradford choir. This choir is formed out of the Bradford Choral Society, which consists, we believe, almost exclusively of "hands," male and female, belonging to the various factories in and near the town. The "hands" have most beautiful voices, and have been taught by Mr. Jackson not merely to shout simultaneously, and more or less in tune, but to read intelligently and to sing with expression, and with the most thorough ensemble imaginable. Our London theatrical choruses are com-

posed of veterans whom it would be more uncivil than untrue to describe as old hacks. It is difficult, apparently, to make them sing at all, impossible to persuade or force them to sing with vigour. Of light and shade they seem to have no idea. The Bradford choristers, on the other hand, are full of energy and good intentions—a combination which would not form by any means an appropriate asphalt for the place which is said to be paved with good intentions alone—and, considered merely as singers, they are without rivals. In the *Times*, the *Herald*, and the *Telegraph*, the only three morning journals that were represented at Bradford, a great deal was said about the Bradford chorus from an artistic, and also from a moral, point of view. It is composed, almost exclusively, if not entirely, of factory people, and it can be seen clearly, from their appearance and manners, what a beneficial effect the cultivation of music has had upon them. We do not say for an instant that an association having in view the study of the English poets, or of drawing and painting, might not, and would not, produce the same results; but, judging purely from facts, it is certain that the operatives of Bradford who belong to the choral association stand several degrees higher in the scale of civilisation than those who do not. We must add that, for the sake of the absurd dictum which teaches that it is wrong to judge from appearances, and also from a natural curiosity to find out whether our first impressions were correct, we asked several manufacturers whether the effect of belonging to the Choral Association was what we conceived it to be,—what we, in fact, saw it was. The answer was always the same. The Choral Association had had a decided civilising effect on the Bradford operatives. This effect, as it appears to us, would be produced in two ways. The men and women are, of course, not better workmen because they know how to sing. But singing keeps them from relaxations of a vicious kind, and the possession of a certain knowledge of art ennobles them by increasing their self-respect. We do not think with the *Times* that the general study of music would be a preventive to crime, though it might diminish the number of violent crimes, both in a direct way and also by diminishing drunkenness, to which most crimes of violence may be traced. The chief effect of music upon manners is that which is ascribed in a celebrated and hackneyed line to the liberal arts generally. It softens them, "*non sinit esse ferus*." That, however, is something, especially in a manufacturing district.

And now, for the sake of the Bradford chorus, it is perhaps right that the smoke, the shoddy, and Mr. Jackson's cantata should be forgotten. Bradford is a dusthole, and Mr. Jackson's cantata is rubbish; but, when we are inclined to think badly of Bradford, let us remember the choir, and how perfectly it sang Mendelssohn's exquisite part-songs "O hill and vales," and "The deep repose of night."

Madame Nantier-Didié left Bradford the morning after the conclusion of that festival for Spa, whence she will proceed to St. Petersburg, where she is engaged for the winter season.

Signor Badiali is engaged for the four next seasons at the Italian Opera of Paris.

At the Royal Italian Opera Madame Czillak, who sung this season at the Philharmonic concerts with success, and who afterwards at the Hanover-square Rooms rendered with great effect the scenes from "Fidelio" and "Der Freischütz," is engaged; and it is said that "Fidelio" will be brought out to give her an opportunity of appearing in the character of the heroine. Madame Marai will not form part of the Covent Garden troupe next year.

The two groups into which Mr. E. T. Smith's company is at present divided will reunite after visiting every town of importance in the United Kingdom, and will give a series of performances at Drury Lane in the week preceding Christmas.

At the Royal English Opera (Covent Garden) a new contralto, Miss Billings, has been engaged. We have already mentioned that the services of Mr. Santley and of Mdle. Parepa have been retained by the Pyne and Harrison management. Mdle. Parepa will make her first appearance in an English version of the "Trovatore." Mr. Santley will take the part of Hoel in an English translation (by Mr. H. F. Chorley) of the French version of the "Pardon de Plœrmel." The air for the contralto, and the rest of the new music written by M. Meyerbeer expressly for the Royal Italian Opera, will not be given. The work, from a popular point of view, will certainly profit by the omission of the added recitative.

**FOULING OF THE SCREW-PROPELLER.**—Sir Howard Douglas suggests that to prevent wreck fouling the screw in action, the screws of ships should be fitted with sharp metal edges so that as the screw revolved in the water its power would divide any rope or spar like a powerful circular saw. But at main recommendation as a remedy for this great evil is a contrivance which will enable the propeller to clear itself of any floating wreck of rigging which may hitch upon the screw in its rotation, and which, being drawn down to the root of the blade, would be wound up on the boss so tightly as to disable the propeller or break the screw-shaft, if the engines were not instantly stopped. For this manner of clearing the screw Sir Howard proposes to employ powerful and sharp knife edges, firmly fixed to the metal trunk in which the screw works, and close to both edges of the blade, in such a manner that any rope that may have hitched on the boss would be acted upon during the revolution of the screw as a body revolving in a turning lathe is acted upon by a chisel. Thus, revolving with a force derived from the power of the engines, the rope must be drawn into and along the knife edges, causing them to exert a drawing cut sufficient to sever any rope, whatever its strength or thickness, and so clear the screw at once of what would otherwise be the most dangerous and perhaps fatal entanglements.

**A SPIRITUALIST WEDDING.**—The marriage of two Spiritualists in Massachusetts is thus described:—"The lady was dressed in loose flowing robes of white, deeply trimmed with blue, and wore blue satin shoes. Two little girls, her daughters by a former marriage, were dressed in exactly the same style, and followed her to the platform. The bridegroom placed himself beside her. Both had been married before, and are each about thirty-five years of age. Mr. Loveland, who was formerly a Methodist minister, though he does not now appreciate the title of 'reverend,' addressing the congregation, said:—'Although Spiritualists in general do not accept, but are opposed to, the regulations that exist legally in regard to the subjugation of woman in the marriage relations, still they do generally, if not universally, admit the propriety of making a public acknowledgment of their relations.' Then, turning to the interested parties, he said:—'My brother and sister, I ask you to make no promise; I impose upon you no obligation. All the obligations you have you have yourselves assumed in your own spirits. I know your hearts. You have already in your spirits consummated the union as far as it could possibly be. I stand not here to marry you. This congregation are not witnesses, and are not called upon to be witnesses, of your marriage. But I stand here to affirm legally the fact, and to ask this congregation to join with me in pronouncing a benediction and blessing on the union into which you have entered, which you here acknowledge, and which you here formally before the world complete. In token, then, of this union, which you have cemented in your souls, and which you now confess before the world, please join your right hands.' The happy couple complied with the request. Then Mr. Loveland placed a hand on each of their heads and blessed them in this form:—'And now, on behalf of this audience, and on behalf of the attending spirits that are around us and with us, I bless this union; I bless you in their behalf, as you start together in the journey of life.' This was the whole ceremony. The bridegroom made a formal bow to the audience. The bride, who had been quietly fanning herself throughout the whole performance, dropped a curtsy. The pair, with their little attendants in white and blue, stepped off the platform, and the audience applauded so long that it seemed as if they wished the last scene encoeuré."

**LORD NORMANBY IN TROUBLE.**—Lord Normanby has got himself into hot water with some of the most distinguished champions of the Liberal cause in Tuscany. The Marquis, as is known, had printed the speech he made in the House of Lords on the affairs of Italy, and had freshened it up with a few footnotes. In one of these notes he spoke disparagingly of the Provisional Government of Tuscany, and even represented the Secretary-General of the Foreign Ministry as guilty of "roguerie." The Secretary penned a letter to the Marquis, written with great indignation. To this Lord Normanby made no reply, but he seems to have replied to M. Ubaldino Peruzzi, another member of the Provisional Government, who also complained of being unfairly attacked, and of the publication of a "little adventure," which, if true, would have been dishonourable to the writer. The day once when the letter which the Secretary-General has written would have been regarded as a hostile challenge. These days are happily at an end, but there is all the greater reason why an English nobleman should not descend to the gossip of idle people.

#### THE SMETHURST CASE.

THE verdict in the Smethurst case is discussed at extraordinary length by newspaper correspondents, and the Home Office has been deluged by memorials on the same subject. Of the letters the most interesting is one from the wife of the prisoner, who writes:—

It is with the most painful reluctance that I address you; but I feel bound, from a sense of duty and justice, to bring before you one or two facts—small in themselves, but tending to great results—which, I know, may remove from my unhappy husband some of the unjust suspicions and prejudices which have fallen upon him. Since our marriage—thirty years ago—up to the time of his departure with Miss Banks, we have lived together in perfect happiness and contentment. I have always received from my husband the most uniform kindness and attention. I have had several illnesses, in all of which he has himself attended upon me both as medical man and nurse. He received no property whatever with me, and has not only supported himself and me entirely since our marriage, but, from his incapacity from illness of his younger brother to follow any calling, has supported him also. From my knowledge, gained from long experience, of my husband's humane character and amiable disposition, I believe him to be quite incapable of committing the crime of which he stands convicted. Up to this time his moral conduct has been irreproachable, and, without wishing to cast any reflection on the memory of the deceased Miss Banks, I must express it as my opinion, grounded on my own observation, that the first advance came from her, although, unhappily, it met with too ready a reciprocity on his part. In answer to some observations made in respect to no one having visited my husband during his confinement, I beg to say that it is in accordance with his own wish; that I have frequently expressed my desire to do so, and many friends have expressed the same wish, which he has invariably declined—feeling that he could best support his great trial in strict seclusion.

A letter has been sent to the Home Secretary from Dr. Richardson, Dr. Thudicumbe, and Dr. Webb, three of the medical witnesses for the defence in the case of Smethurst. These gentlemen go into the scientific question at very great length; adding the following "summary" of their convictions:—

We say, with solemn reserve, nor does our reason for such assertion rest alone on the argument we have given above, the witnesses who saw the patient stated that they one and all, independently, concluded that the symptoms were those of poison. One and all, and to the last forty-eight hours of life, they treated for dysentery. They must, therefore, have doubted to the last between dysentery and poison, and have given the casting-vote to dysentery. Adding pregnancy to dysentery we affirm the correctness of that vote—nothing more.

The sum and substance of our argument is as follows:—

1. The symptoms and pathology of Isabella Banks were consistent with dysentery occurring in a pregnant and previously unhealthy woman; and her death is fairly ascribable to such producing cause.

2. The symptoms and pathology of Isabella Banks are not consistent with the hypothesis of poisoning by arsenic, by antimony, or by both these poisons; nor is death fairly ascribable to them.

3. There is no chemical proof whatever that either antimony, arsenic, or any other irritant poison was ever feloniously administered to Isabella Banks.

With these opinions firmly fixed in our minds we gave evidence at the trial on the part of the defence. Nothing that has transpired either at the trial, or since, has tended in the slightest degree to modify our opinions, and, now that sentence of death is passed on the prisoner, we present our evidence to the Crown as the last tribunal. We have written patiently and temperately: we pray for a patient and careful perusal.

On Monday the Lord Chief Baron had a lengthened interview with Sir G. C. Lewis at the Home Office, the learned Judge having gone thither to state the result of his investigation into certain correspondence on the Smethurst case which had been forwarded to him by the Secretary of State. This is the course which is generally pursued by the Home Office in cases where doubt may arise as to a capital conviction; that is to say, the opinion of the Judge who presided at the trial is consulted. It is believed that there is little chance of Smethurst being respited.

A letter by Dr. Letheby, on the general question of medical evidence, deserves attention. He says:—

I am quite sure that your chemical readers will agree with Mr. Rogers in his observations on the necessity for exposing the scientific fallacies and errors which were imported into the trial of Dr. Smethurst. This may be done without in any way referring to the question of the guilt or innocence of the convict, although it is manifest that the errors of the scientific witnesses for the prosecution were used to the disadvantage of the prisoner, and were commented on by the Judge in a manner which science might condemn; for, on the one hand, the non-detection of arsenic in the dead body (where it ought to have been found if it had been administered), and, on the other, the detection of the poison in a mixture where it did not exist, were disposed of by the Judge as matters of no great importance in the inquiry, and as the results of the present imperfection of science. Nothing, however, can be more dangerous to the community than the propagation of such errors as these, for not only will it tend to encourage crime by leading the evil-minded to believe that the researches of chemical science are so beset with difficulties as to leave its conclusions open to doubt, but it will also have the effect of furnishing a defence for the guilty, and it may be of bringing an unjust charge upon the innocent. It is in truth a fallacy of so dangerous a quality that it will most assuredly inspire the criminal with confidence, and the public with dread. The principles of science should have an opposite tendency; and so they would if, in the discovery of crime or the administration of justice, they were used with caution, and the processes of science were followed with skill. The records of modern criminal jurisprudence do not, however, support this view of the case, for the apparent contradictions of science, the seeming uncertainty of its results, and the conflicting testimony of its *alumni*, are such as to deprive it of that value which it ought to have in the estimation of the public, as the most powerful and certain of all modern means for the detection of secret murder. The conclusion, however, is fast forcing itself upon us that, if science is to be used with effect in the discovery of crime, it must be employed methodically as a State engine, and be placed under the direction of those who have mastered its principles, who are thoroughly acquainted with its laws, and who are competent to manage its processes. At the present time, the mode of conducting an inquiry into a case of suspected poisoning is such as must often leave the results in the greatest uncertainty. Supposing that the case has gone so far as to call for the interference of the coroner, and he has given an order for the examination of the dead body. The matters which are removed from it for an analysis are placed in the hands of any one who will undertake the investigation; and every step of the chemical part of the inquiry is conducted in secret, with materials which may or may not be free from poison, and by processes that are too often unworthy of confidence. If there be an error in the course of the analysis, or an accident by reason of the bungling of the operator, who is there to expose it but the operator himself? And if the conclusion be altogether false, who is to set it right? Again, the fee which is allowed by law for the trouble and anxiety of these investigations is so ridiculously small that, as I know from experience, it will not always quit the cost of the materials used. One guinea is all that the metropolitan coroners can pay for a chemical analysis; but, if the case goes for trial, then the magistrate and the judge can compensate the analyst for his trouble. I hold that this is a most improper temptation to put before a witness who may find just enough in the course of his inquiry to warrant him in so framing his evidence as to lead to a conviction, although he is certain that it is not enough for the conviction. Far be it from me to suppose that such dishonesty has ever been practised; but the temptation to it ought not to exist.

**THE FLORA OF AMERICA AND JAPAN.**—At a recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Gray called attention to the great similarity between the Arctic floras of the two continents of north-eastern Asia and eastern North America. The flora of Japan is much more like the American than like the floras of other countries adjacent to Japan. Throwing out the cosmopolites, and examining only those species which are peculiar, there are only five species peculiar to Europe and Japan, against fifty-six peculiar to north-eastern America and Japan.

**THE ROCK TABLETS OF MOUNT SINAI.**—We believe it was the elder Niebuhr, who, in his travels in Arabia, first mentioned those huge rock inscriptions of Sinai, which seem to extend to the length of several miles. Johannes von Müller alludes to them most pointedly, and recommends them to the attention of travellers and archaeologists. We are not aware whether Sir G. Wilkinson ever mentioned them in his works, being subjects of an ambiguous bearing. However, nothing satisfactory could have been made of them until now, when abundant plates, 30 inches long, can bring them down to the meanest understanding, as the phrase goes. It was, of course, quite impossible to erect any scaffolding on the flanks of Mount Sinai, and to copy those rock tablets, at any rate incompletely and unsatisfactorily. But now the remedy is easy. At whatever height those inscriptions may exist, and whatever extent they may embrace, they will and must descend, in *propria persona*, as it were, and reappear on the sheets of the camera with all their characteristics.—*Photographic News*.



## LAW AND CRIME.

It is now some days since the public were made aware, through the medium of police reports, of a certain society which has been established nominally for Preventing the Sale of Game out of Season. The duties of the band of patriots who form this association, so important to the nation, appear to be simple enough. A fellow mean enough to be a common informer, is commissioned by the society to prowl about among poultryers' shops in search of some description of game which may happen not to be in season. When he finds it, he takes out a summons against the proprietor of the shop. The proprietor attends the summons, and finds that Mr. Orridge, the exceedingly eminent Old Bailey counsel, is retained for the prosecution on behalf of the association, whereupon the proprietor is convicted, half the penalty is handed over to the sneak who laid the information, and the proprietor loses his game licence. Strange things are being done in this way. One honest trader has been convicted for selling live pheasants before the commencement of the season for killing them. Perhaps the birds were also in the wrong for being alive out of season; but it appears they came from abroad, and were, therefore, probably ignorant of British laws. Then one magistrate holds that the proprietor of the shop is responsible for every article sold therein, whether his sanction be proved or not, a principle which another judicial authority utterly refuses to indorse in a similar case. Then it is shown upon one information that certain "black-game," forming the ground of the information, have been slain in Scotland, which is expressly exempt from the operation of the Act. Hereupon one summons is dismissed, while, on the next day, another magistrate remands a precisely similar case for further consideration. The Lord Mayor intimates to Mr. Orridge that a decent stroke of business might be done by the society in the way of prosecuting the poor street-sellers who are to be seen constantly at the foot of London-bridge, near the railway, endeavouring to dispose of a hare or a pheasant, but the society has not so far appeared to grasp at the advantages of this suggestion. We do not know of what class of persons this Society for the Employment of Mr. Orridge may consist, or whether the society hopes to form a profit by sharing the half penalties awarded by the Act; but its shrewd avoidance for the poorer and sharp prosecution of the more responsible offenders seems to point at its expectation of being at least self-supporting. Still it is questionable whether public opinion will altogether favour an association which achieves its object by the creation of common informers, a class of which, with the vivid recollection of individuals of the Byers and Stowell status, the public may perhaps think it has already seen enough.

The enlightened advocates of "progress" principles cast up their eyes in deprecation of the barbarity of our Saxon forefathers, among whom a murder might be atoned for by a pecuniary mulct. But in this present week a deliberate, diabolical, and unnatural murder of a daughter by a mother has been judicially decided to be sufficiently punished by a fine of three pounds! Mary Inglis, aged 40, was charged on Monday last with assaulting her daughter, of the same name, and thereby causing her death. The offence as charged is certainly novel. "An assault causing death" is usually designated by another and shorter name. Mary Inglis, mother, is just one of the most thoroughly detestable persons of whom one is likely to hear or read. She has not been sober for years, and drove the unfortunate victim, her daughter, nightly out into the streets to bring home money to supply the old wretch's inordinate craving for gin. The unhappy girl fell into a consumption, and was lying on her death-bed, when the drunken fiend, her mother, infuriated by the loss of means of procuring her accustomed stimulant, dragged her out of bed, as she had often done before, to send her again into the street. This time the parent seized her daughter by the breast, tore her face with her nails, and drew her about the room by the hair, swearing, "You shall not sleep or die in my bed!" Ten minutes after this attack the miserable daughter lay a corpse. The doctor who attended her swore that her death had been accelerated by the violence used. Now, in the very meaning of words, what is the foulest murder but "acceleration" of death? The magistrate, however, appears to have calculated the punishment of the offence by the value of the life of the victim, for Mary Inglis was fined three pounds, and informed that she was a disgrace to society.

## POLICE.

**SAVAGE ASSAULT UPON A BOY.**—Richard Howarth, blacksmith, aged thirty-five, was brought before Mr. Selfe, on remand, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and also with assaulting William Norris, aged eleven years, in a very savage manner.

Mr. Joseph Smith, solicitor, defended the prisoner. It appeared that the prisoner was drunk and acting in a very disorderly manner in the street on the evening of Saturday, the 20th instant. He was followed by a number of boys, who were hooting and yelling. The injured child, Norris, was not among the boys who were following the prisoner, but was quietly standing near the door of his parents' home. The prisoner advanced towards the boy, and without the least provocation, raised the boy from the ground and dashed him into the middle of the road with great force. The boy was stunned by the fall, and his head struck against the stones in the road. He was carried to his home, and fainted in his mother's arms. When brought into the court it was evident that he had been seriously injured. He was very pale and weak, and his head had been shaved and leeches applied. His mother said her boy was in good health before he was assaulted by the prisoner, and that he had been labouring under concussion of the brain ever since.

The medical certificate stated that the boy was now out of danger.

Mrs. Norris, in answer to some questions by Mr. Smith, said a man did come to her and offer her some compensation for the injury done to the boy, but while it was uncertain how the case might terminate she considered that she was in duty bound to refuse any money whatever.

Mr. Selfe—The boy is now considered out of danger. Will you receive compensation, as far as you can be compensated, for the injury done to your child?

Mrs. Norris said she only wanted her expenses, and did not want to press hard upon the prisoner, who had a wife and family to maintain.

Mr. Smith said the great idea that prevailed in the prisoner's mind was that the boy Norris had been yelling at him, and would give the parents of the boy any reasonable compensation in his power.

The Prisoner—Yes, but not to stand before the boy's father for an hour, as he wants me to do. I won't do that.

It was stated that £5 had been offered by a friend of the prisoner, and Mrs. Norris, with the magistrate's permission, was willing to accept the £5 as compensation. The prisoner said he would pay the £5 by instalments of 10s. per week; and Mr. Selfe, who seemed anxious to obtain some compensation for the parents of the injured boy, at length consented to the money being paid by instalments, and directed the chief clerk to take the prisoner's own recognisances in the sum of £20 to appear before him on Tuesday, the 11th of October next, and said if the instalments of 10s. per week were not paid regularly to the father of the boy he would send Howarth to prison.

**AN UNLIKELY TALES.**—John Cockling, aged nineteen, was charged with stealing a pocket-handkerchief from Mr. G. Cooper, a builder.

The prosecutor said he was passing over London-bridge on Monday night, when he felt a tug at his coat pocket, and on turning sharp round saw the prisoner and another lad behind him, the other boy being in the act of placing his (prosecutor's) handkerchief under the prisoner's coat. The prosecutor thereupon seized the prisoner, and held him till an officer came up; but the other boy got away.

The Lord Mayor—What have you to say, prisoner? Prisoner—Why, it's all true as the gentleman says. I was a-passing over London-bridge, and there's a good deal of traffic there, you know. Well, as I was walking along, some boy shoved that handkerchief under my coat, and I didn't know no more about it than you do.

The Lord Mayor said such a tale was very unlikely, and sent the prisoner to prison for three months.

**DISTRESSING CASE OF ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.**—Ellen Ready, a middle-aged woman, was charged with attempting to commit suicide.

William Arnold, mate on board the Twilight, river steamer, proved that on the previous evening the defendant was a passenger from London-bridge to Chelsea. In the way up the river the captain, having had his attention called to the defendant, directed witness to watch her, and shortly after passing through Vauxhall-bridge, she jumped upon one of the seats, and was in the act of throwing herself overboard when he secured her, and gave her into custody of a policeman at Chelsea. At the stationhouse she stated that she was the widow of a soldier, formerly belonging to the Madras Fusiliers, by whom she had had eight children, seven of whom, owing to the hardships they had undergone, had died whilst she was in India. Her husband fell at an early stage in the mutiny; and, after encountering a series of vicissitudes and dangers of no ordinary character, she returned to England. She left her eighth child, a little girl, in India, of whom she had heard no tidings until last Saturday, when she was informed that if she went to Tower-hill a letter there awaited her from India. She found the letter was from a Missionary in India, and contained the melancholy intelligence of her child's death, which, coupled with other circumstances, deeply affected her mind.

Sergeant Marshall, of the E division, stated that Mr. Selfe, the magistrate, had taken great interest in the poor woman's case some months ago, and had represented it with advantage to her to the authorities at the War Office. On her return to England she had been inveigled by a recruiting sergeant, and induced to marry him upon his representation that he was a single man; but in a few days discovered that he was a married man with a family. Much sympathy had been exercised in her behalf.

Defendant repeated a portion of the statement she had made at the stationhouse, and ascribed the frame of mind which had induced her to attempt to throw herself into the river to the shock she had sustained, in addition to her other misfortunes, by the intelligence of the death of her only surviving child.

A friend of the defendant having undertaken the charge of her, and the defendant having again and again solemnly promised that she would not repeat the offence, Mr. Arnold consented to discharge her.

**NECESSITY FOR A PUBLIC PROSECUTOR.**—William Charles Allen was placed at the bar before Mr. Elliott, for final examination, charged with being concerned, with "Drs." Watters and Edwards, in defrauding Mr. Benjamin Thomas Jones and others, by representing themselves as medical practitioners, and undertaking to cure deafness and all other diseases.

The prisoner's companions have been tried at the Old Bailey for the offence, found guilty, and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. The prisoner managed to keep out of the way, but, having been brought here on another charge, he was recognised as the person against whom the grand jury had returned a true bill of indictment as well as against his associates, Watters and Edwards.

Inspector Young produced a certified copy of the indictment.

Mr. Jones identified the prisoner.

Mr. Smith, surgeon at the National Institution for the Cure of the Ear, &c., and who had been a witness on the former prosecutions, addressing the magistrate, said he had been requested by Mr. Jones to ask his Worship whether Mr. Jones should be bound over and compelled to prosecute the prisoner. The reason Mr. Jones was anxious on the subject was this, that, being a prosecutor on the former case, he was put to an expense of upwards of £50, which expense had nearly ruined himself and his family, and if bound over in the present case he must decline, as he could not afford it.

Mr. Elliott observed that Mr. Jones must be bound over in the usual way to attend at the Old Bailey, and give evidence, but not to employ counsel or go to any expense.

Mr. Jones complained of the great hardship of being compelled to prosecute on the former occasion, and of the injury to himself and his family of being left to pay so large a sum for the prosecution.

A solicitor for the prisoner, in applying that his client might be admitted to bail, said he should be able to show that the prisoner was merely the paid servant of the other two whose names have been mentioned.

Mr. Elliott agreed to accept bail, two sureties in £200 each, with twenty-four hours' notice.

**DECEITFUL THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.**—Charles Ballantine, a market-gardener at Iver, Bucks, was charged, at the instance of Mr. Durdle, inspector of police at the Paddington station of the Great Western Railway, for endeavouring to ride in a first-class carriage, the ticket which he had taken and paid for being for the second class.

Defendant's answer to the charge was that he should not have attempted to enter a first-class carriage had he not been told by some one at the station that there was no room in a second.

Mr. Long fined the prisoner 10s., which he paid.

**FINED TWENTY SHILLINGS.**—Stephen Coonan was brought before Mr. Long charged with having violently assaulted his wife and her daughter, about ten years of age.

The poor woman, who had been married many years to the prisoner, deposed that he was continually abusing and ill-treating her, and that on the previous night he gave her a severe blow upon the breast and head, in addition to which he threw at her a gillpot, a plate, and other articles of crockery, one of which struck her child and inflicted a wound upon her head. She had four children, all of whom she supported by her own exertions. Her husband had been in Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, and was discharged from there twelve months ago. All that she wanted was that she might be protected.

Kirby, 355 A, stated that, hearing cries of "Murder!" he went to 1, Crawford-mews, and there found the child bleeding very much. He took her to the infirmary, and the wound, which appeared to be a deep one, was there dressed by a surgeon.

The prisoner was fined 20s., or fourteen days in the House of Correction.

**ROBBING AN OLD LADY IN A FIT.**—Ellen Bryant, an artful woman, aged forty-one, who has been convicted several times for petty robberies, and once imprisoned for a long period for stripping children of their clothes, was brought before Mr. Yardley, charged with stealing two gold rings, one shawl, one sheet, and one bedgown, the property of Margaret Johnson, an old lady residing at No. 22, Upper North-street, Poplar. It appeared that for a few weeks prior to the 4th ult. the prisoner had been in the practice of calling upon Mrs. Johnson, performing sundry offices for her, and sleeping with her occasionally. On the last-mentioned day the prosecutrix was attacked with an epileptic fit, and it was some time before she recovered. The prisoner was attending upon the old lady, and Sarah Perry, a young woman living in the same house, saw Mrs. Johnson recovering from the fit, and missed her gold rings which she had seen on her fingers in the course of the day, but had then no suspicion of the prisoner, who went out soon after Mrs. Johnson recovered from the fit, and did not return until five or six hours afterwards, when she was very much intoxicated. The young woman Perry then alluded to the old lady's rings, and said they were not on her fingers, and could not be found anywhere. The prisoner said the old lady must have bitten the rings off her finger and swallowed them while she was in the fit. The prisoner slept with the lady that night, and left her the next morning, observing to the witness Perry that she should soon return, but she never entered the house afterwards, and was eventually traced to Poplar Workhouse, of which she became an inmate, on the ground that she was destitute, a fortnight ago. Mrs. Johnson did not arrive at a perfect state of consciousness until the morning of the 5th of August, when she missed her rings off her fingers, and a quilt, a shawl, a shirt, and a bedgown from her drawers.

The prisoner, in her defence, declared that the rings were taken away from the old lady by her son's wife last Christmas.

Mr. Yardley said it was clearly proved the rings were upon the fingers of the prosecutrix on the morning of the 4th ult., and, after hearing a good deal of circumstantial evidence, committed her for trial.

**A VERY MEAN THIEF.**—Edward Lovell, formerly a wandering gipsy, a dissipated lazy fellow, was brought before Mr. Yardley charged with stealing 4s. 11½d. in money, belonging to a poor youth named James Thomas Bliss, who keeps a coffee-stall for his grandfather, a cripple, in Limehouse, and by which they obtain a bare subsistence. The prisoner came to the coffee-stall near Limehouse Church at an early hour in the morning, and seated himself upon a chair, on which was a coat belonging to Bliss. One of the pockets of the coat contained a bag, in which was 4s. 11½d., all the money the prosecutor had in the world. The prisoner remained seated upon the chair for a quarter of an hour, and when he left Bliss missed the bag and money. The prosecutor called for a police-constable, who searched him, and found the bag and money upon him.

Mr. Yardley asked the prisoner what he had got to say in his defence, to which he replied, "I don't know what to say; I am guilty."

Mr. Yardley—There is no doubt of your guilt. You have committed a very mean offence in robbing that poor hard-working lad. I convict you of larceny, and sentence you to three months' imprisonment and hard labour in the House of Correction.

**STREET THIEVES AND ASSAULTS.**—James Jones, aged eighteen, a thickset, resolute-looking fellow, and Henry Ellis, aged nineteen, were charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with picking a pocket; Jones was also charged with an assault.

Evans and Short, active officers of the G division of police, were on duty in Shoreditch, on Sunday night last, and observed Ellis put his hand into a lady's pocket, withdraw her handkerchief, smell it, and hand it to Jones; they then separated. Short collared the actual thief, and Evans followed Jones, who in turn flung the property to another man. With the last-mentioned prisoner Evans, himself a strong, wiry man, had a desperate struggle. A mob of well-known bad characters closed round them, and in their effort to release their companion he and his prisoner were actually forced into a shop, head over heels, the door of which was burst open by the pressure. Rice, 109 G, fortunately at this juncture reached the spot, and took hold of Jones, who instantly turned and bit his thumb severely.

The prisoners, who are well-known thieves, denied the charge, and appeared to feel that they were much-wronged persons.

Mr. D'Eyncourt, in dealing with the case, said: When these robberies are attended with violence upon the officers, I intend henceforward to adopt but one course—viz., to send the offenders to trial.

The prisoners were then remanded.

**CHARGE OF SHOOTING.**—Samuel Larkham, lock-master of the Grosvenor Canal, Pimlico, was charged with shooting at and wounding two boys.

It appeared that a boy named Burton, aged fourteen, a French boy, and a number of others, were bathing in the Grosvenor Canal on Thursday last, and sitting on or playing about some benches there, when a gun was fired twice from the accused's grounds, which overhang the towing-path, and Burton and the French boy were both slightly wounded, one in the cheek and back, and the other in the muscle of the arm. The evidence went to show that the accused had fired the gun, and—when charged with wounding the boys, one of whom (Burton) is now in the hospital going on favourably—he told one of the witnesses that he was shooting at sparrows. He wrung his hands, and appeared to feel great regret at what had occurred.

Ordered to find two sureties in £200 each for his appearance on Saturday.

**WHERE THE "STRIKE" FALLS HEAVIEST.**—A poor woman was introduced to Mr. Elliott by one of the ushers of the Court, who said he had known her for some years as a most industrious and hard-working woman, supporting herself and her family, but she was at present, owing to illness and the present strike among the builders, reduced to temporary privations, and therefore sought his Worship's kind assistance from the poor-box.

The poor woman stated that she had two sons, most willing and industrious youths, always desirous to work hard to assist her; and with their earnings and her own she was enabled to get on very well; but, owing to the unfortunate turn-out amongst the builders, her boys, without any wish or desire of their own, but, on the contrary, quite against their wishes, were thrown out of employment and unable to get any allowance, so that they were all reduced to want.

Mr. Elliott kindly ordered the poor woman immediate relief from the poor-box.

**RUFFIANLY ASSAULT.**—James Murphy, a most determined-looking man, was charged with assaulting Charles Shelley, living at No. 5, Haverstock-street, Hampstead-road.

Mr. Rice attended for the prisoner. The evidence given by complainant, whose right eye was blackened and swollen, and his nose strapped up with adhesive plaster, was to the effect that, on the previous afternoon, while sitting on the step of a house near his own door, the prisoner rushed up to him, and, without saying a word, knocked him down with a violent blow flat upon the pavement. He was nearly stunned, and while lying in the situation alluded to prisoner kicked him and struck him repeatedly. He had seen the prisoner before, but had never had any quarrel with him.

Corroborative evidence was given as to the unprovoked and savage assault.

Mr. Rice called witnesses with the view of showing that complainant was the aggressor.

Mr. Long decided the case by fining the prisoner 40s., or a month in the House of Correction.

**A CASE FOR SYMPATHY.**—Sixteen carpenters made an application to Mr. D'Eyncourt for assistance under the following distressing circumstances:—A short time since a fire occurred in the workshops of Mr. White, a builder, at Hackney-wick, and the buildings were entirely destroyed. A representation made to Mr. D'Eyncourt soon afterwards induced that gentleman to institute an inquiry into the condition of the workmen, and a police officer now attended with them to state the result.

The officer said that Mr. White had informed him the workshops were uninsured; his own loss consequently was very great. Every tool belonging to sixteen of the men employed by him had been destroyed, and they had only been enabled to obtain 5s. each since by a little employment he procured them. The loss to these men was irreparable, and their want consequent upon the same pressing, as most of them had large families; in fact, eighty-seven persons, men, women, and children, were in hourly want since the disaster; and great sympathy was felt for the workmen, as not any of them were connected with any strike, but all industrious and deserving men.

Mr. D'Eyncourt observed that he most deeply regretted the men's position; it assuredly was a case for public sympathy, and he would head a subscription with a donation of £5 from the magistrates of this Court, which, with the publicity that would doubtless be kindly afforded to the facts, he trusted would soon enable the workmen to resume their labours.

The applicants expressed their grateful thanks.

**MILITARY DESPERADOES.**—Five artillerymen, named Atkins, Hawthorn, Bennett, Johnson, and Waters, were placed at the bar on various charges of burglary and theft.

It appeared that the four first-named prisoners had escaped from a cell where they were confined, and, after ransacking the baggage of officers, stripped the gold lace from several uniforms, and took possession of considerable valuable property, but were subsequently apprehended at Greenwich. It was also proved that Hawthorn was wearing a pair of boots stolen during a burglary committed at the Railway Tavern, and Waters was found in possession of three bottles of whisky stolen from the Director-General Tavern, Wellington-street, Woolwich.

As it appeared that the evidence was not complete, and that other charges would be made against the prisoners, they were remanded for a week.

**BURGLARY AT A JEWELLER'S.**—Humphrey Delorey, a well-known convicted housebreaker, was charged with being concerned, with others not in custody, in breaking into the dwelling-house of Mr. John Gainsworth, jeweller and general dealer, No. 16, Eltham-street, Kent-street, and stealing therefrom seven watches, besides other articles.

The prosecutor deposed that on Friday night, the 19th ult., he fastened his shop up securely, leaving all his goods safe in the window. About three o'clock the following morning he was roused out of his sleep by hearing one of the shutters fall, and on getting up he found that his shop had been entered by the forcing out of two shutters. Three or four men ran away, and the prisoner, who was one of them, was stopped by an active constable of the P division, but he was rescued. On examining his shop the prosecutor missed the property mentioned in the charge, and one of the watches had been traced to the prisoner.

Dennis Clark, 108 M, said that, in company with Hunt, 31 M, he took the prisoner into custody. He knew him well as a convicted thief. About three years ago he was charged at this Court with breaking into a gentleman's house in the Old Kent-road, and not only stealing every portable and valuable article, but cutting the beds and furniture to pieces. One of the stolen watches he traced to him, but he required a remand to enable him to find the other property and apprehend his associates.

The prisoner denied all knowledge of the robbery, or ever having possession of any of the property.

## MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the first instalment upon the Indian and Russian loans, amounting to about £1,400,000, has been paid this week, there has been no pressure upon the money market, and the rates of discount have undergone very little change, short first-class paper having been somewhat freely discounted in Lombard-street at 2½ to 3 per cent.

A few sales of money stock have taken place, partly to meet the payments on the Indian Loan; nevertheless, Home Securities have continued tolerably firm in price, owing, in some measure, to the Government broker having continued his daily purchases of £150,000 amount of the savings banks. Consols have been done at 92½; the Reduced and the New 3 per Cents, 95½ and 96½; New 2½ per Cents, 90½; the 5 per Cents, 111½; Long Annuities, 1885, 1-16; and Exchequer Bills, 2½ to 2½ prem. Bank Stock has sold at 224.

Indian Securities have continued steady. The new 5 per Cent Loan has realised 95½; India Debentures, 1888, 94½; ditto, 1899, 94½; India Bonds, 3s. dis. India Stock has marked 215.

Several parcels of gold have been withdrawn from the Bank of England for the Continent, and nearly the whole of the imported gold has been taken for the same destination. The total imports have amounted to about £300,000, the greater portion being in silver. That metal has, consequently, become less active, and prices have shown a tendency to give way.

In the Foreign Exchange rather more business has been transacted, and prices generally have continued steady. Consols, 4½ per cent, have marked 92½; Granada New Active, 17; ditto, 16; ditto, 15; Mexican 3 per Cents, 20½; Peruvian 4½ per Cents, 93½; ditto, 3 per Cents, 71½; Portuguese 3 per Cents, 45½; Spanish 3 per Cents, 45½; Turkish 6 per Cents, 83½; ditto, New Loan, 74½; and Dutch 2½ per Cents, 63½.

The money share market has been tolerably active, at very full prices. The supply of stock in the hands of the jobbers is very small, in a comparative sense.

Banking shares have been quiet. Bank of London have sold at 45; Chartered of India, Australia, and China, 17½; London Chartered of Australia, 21½; and Union of London, 26½.

Colonial Government Securities have continued in request. Canada 6 per Cents have sold at 112½; New Brunswick ditto, 110½; New South Wales 5 per Cents, 98½; Nova Scotia ditto, 109½; and Victoria 6 per Cents, 110½.

The balance of the Danish Loan—£207,000—has been paid off at par. The original amount—£300,000—was raised here in 1849.

## METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

**CORN EXCHANGE.**—Although only moderate supplies of English wheat have been on offer this week, the demand for all kinds has ruled heavy, and prices have further declined 2s. per quarter. At that amount of depression very little has been passing. In foreign wheat, the imports of which have not been to any extensive, very little has been offered, and the quotations have had a drooping tendency. The few samples of barley on show have been cleared off on former terms. Malt has continued heavy, at late quotations. Owing to large arrivals from abroad, oats have met a dull inquiry, and prices have given way 6d. to 1s. per quarter. Both beans and peas have moved off slowly, at late rates. The flour trade has continued heavy, but no change has taken place in the quotations.

**ENGLISH CURRENCY.**—Wheat, Essex and Kent, Red, 37s. to 43s.; ditto, White, 40s. to 48s.; Norfolk and Lincoln, Red, 37s. to 43s.; Rye, 32s. to 34s.; Grinding Barley, 35s. to 29s.; Distilling, 27s. to 32s.; Malting, 36s. to 43s.; Malt, 35s. to 39s.; Feed Oats, 24s. to 30s.; Potatoes, 27s. to 32s.; Ticks Beans, 41s. to 45s.; Gray Peas, 42s. to 44s.; Marle, 42s. to 45s.; Bolders, 42s. to 46s. per quarter. Town-made Flour, 40s. to 43s.; Town householders, 36s. Country Marks, 29s. to 32s. per 280lbs.

**CATTLE.**—Prime beasts have sold at full quotations; but inferior breeds have ruled heavy. Sheep, lambs, calves, and pigs have changed hands briskly, on higher terms. Beef, from 2s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.; mutton, 3s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.; lamb, 4s. 8d. to 6s.; veal, 3s. 6d. to 5s.; pork, 2s. to 4s. 6d. per 8lb. to sink the offal.

**NEWCASTLE AND LEEDS HALL.**—The supplies of mutton moderate, and the trade, generally, ruled steady, no change having taken place. 2s. 10d. to 4s. 4d.; mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.; lamb, 4s. to 5s. 2d.; veal, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.; pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per 8lbs. by the carcass.

**TEA.**—The demand, generally, is very inactive, but we have no change to notice in the quotations. Common sound congou is selling at 1-3½d. per lb.

**SUGAR.**—There has been only a limited inquiry for all kinds of raw sugar. In prices, however, very little change has taken place. Refined goods are dull, at 4s. for common brown lump; 50s. 6d. to 51s. for standard; 47s. to 49s. for crushed; and 44s. to 46s. 6d. for good to fine pieces. Dutch crushed has changed hands somewhat freely for forward delivery.

**COFFEE.**—Plantation kinds are in fair request, at full quotations. Other qualities command less attention.

**COCOA.**—Holders are firm, and an average business is doing, at the late advance.

**RICE.**—The transactions are much restricted; but we have no change to notice in value. Madras has sold at 9s. 6d.; and Bengal grain at 9s. 9d. to 10s. 9d. per cwt. The stock is 70,000 tons, against 92,000 tons in 1888.

**SALT.**—Prices have given way 6d. per cwt., with a heavy market.



**PROVISIONS.**—We have no material change to notice in the value of any kind of butter, and the transactions are by no means extensive.

**METALS.**—Scotch pig iron is selling at 53s. cash, mixed numbers. Manufactured parcels are in request, on former terms. Copper moves off steadily at £21 3s. to £21 10s. per ton on the spot. Tin is dull, and rather cheaper. Straita, 139s. to 140s.; and Banca 143s. to 144s. per cwt.

**COTTON.**—We have to report a dull market for all kinds, at last week's currency.

**HAIR AND FLAX.**—All kinds of hemp continue dull in sale, at £28 10s. for Petersburg clean. Flax moves off slowly, at late rates.

**WOOL.**—The public sales of colonial wool have been brought to a close. Throughout they have been remarkably steady, at 1d. to 2d. per lb. more money.

**GRAIN.**—The demand for rye is steady, at extreme rates. Proof Leeward, 2s. to 2s. 2d.; and proof East India, 1s. 9d. to 1s. 10d. per gallon. Brandy is 6d. per gallon dealer, with a firm market. The top price is 9s. 10d. per gallon. Grain spirits are unaltered in value.

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